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COMMONWEAL

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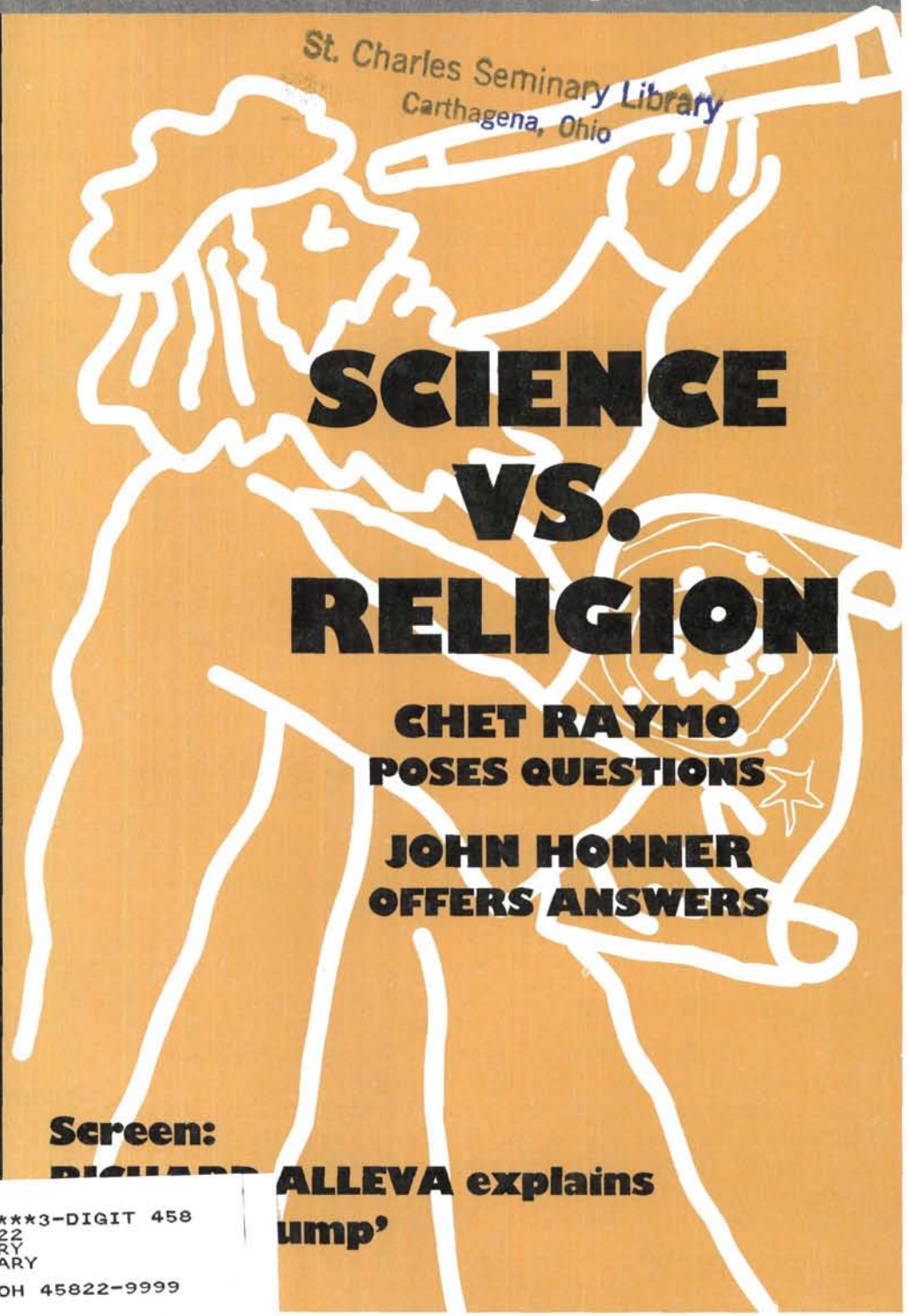

SCIENCE VS. RELIGION

CHET RAYMO POSES QUESTIONS

JOHN HONNER OFFERS ANSWERS

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CORRESPONDENCE

A dreadful prospect

Basking Ridge, N.J.

To the Editors: Abigail McCarthy's lament ["Congressional Fatigue Syndrome," August 19] for all those members of Congress who will be leaving their jobs because of the unwarranted, cynical politician-bashing by the media and the public prompts one to think about the awful things that first- and second-termers might do when they are in charge of the nation. Consider that they might:

- Exempt themselves from federal laws that regulate labor standards, family and medical leave, occupational safety and health, and discrimination in employment;
- Establish a system of political action committees to provide funds for those outrageous campaign costs—committees whose members will have their voices heard and their interests cared for when legislation affecting their enterprises is up for consideration;
- Take care to get their fair share of pork-barrel projects for their districts' colleges, folk museums, research foundations, and the like, so that constituents will be more disposed to vote them in again;
- Set up a comprehensive health-care system for themselves that would be out of reach for many of their constituents;
- Authorize Treasury borrowing to pay the interest on the national debt and to fund entitlement programs while refusing either to raise taxes or cut spending.

Let's hope that the voters will keep these considerations in mind when they are tempted to turn out the veterans in the next election! GERALD J. WILLIAMS

The good old days?

East Hampton, N.Y.

To the Editors: I understand Abigail McCarthy's anguish upon seeing so many of her friends leaving Congress. I hope she understands mine. The old congressional system dominated by party loyalty and seniority (largely Southern) was not the ideal paradigm of government that she imagines. It did produce some outstanding legislators and legislation, but many of the important committee chairmen were bitter, prejudiced obstructionists who were able to block progressive programs for generations.

The reforms created in reaction to the stranglehold some members had on the Congress did open the system to new people not beholden to a party, its leadership, or, most important, its purse. But, as with every change, new problems have emerged. Money is more important than ever to a politician—and most of it is spent on negative, demagogic television advertising. From Gary Hart's "follow me" to the routine promulgation of insincere campaign "promises," it appears that lying is part of a successful politician's arsenal. If citizens have a low opinion of Congress, it may be because Congress has earned it.

McCarthy quotes Norman Ornstein: "[P]eople are groping for values in the post-cold war era." No, sir. We have our values. We are groping for politicians who share them. JOSEPH D. POLICANO

Logic vs. life

Bronx, N.Y.

To the Editors: Sidney Callahan's article on the implications of the recent killing of a Florida abortionist by a radical anti-abortion activist ["Killing Kills the Spirit," August 19] was a significant reflection on the power of nonviolent resistance within a consistent life ethic. But the question I have had to ponder in the wake of this murder is: What if you know that abortion is the killing of a human being, but you are not a pacifist?

I would guess that most people in the moderate wing of the anti-abortion movement are not committed to a total ethic of nonviolent resistance. Like me, they would consider the planting of a bomb at Hitler's desk a justifiable response to the acts of a mass murderer. If they were to witness a person gunning down citizens on the street, they, like me, would consider it morally justified to take out the perpetrator, by killing if necessary. If we would deem such acts as "justifiable homicide," why isn't the killing of an abortionist, by whose hand hundreds or maybe thousands of human beings have been killed?

Could it be that we do not carry our convictions to their logical conclusion? Could it be that underlying our professed belief that unborn life is identical to born life lurks an unthematized sense that there somehow *is* a qualitative difference that makes the killing of the unborn less hideous a crime than the killing of the born?

Maybe an ethicist can help me sort out that one. ROGER F. REPOHL

Organizing ain't easy

Brooklyn, N.Y.

To the Editors: In their article "Workers of the World, Unite" [June 17], Albert A. Blum and Janet M. Tanski incorrectly portray the obstacles to international organization of labor, expecially in relation to Mexico.

Blum and Tanski assume that organized

(Continued on page 29)

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COMMONWEAL

It's not fair

The American economy has been uniquely successful in providing a decent and rising standard of living for its citizens. In the "boom years" following World War II, Americans enjoyed an unprecedented prosperity; economic productivity doubled in twenty-five years. So did living standards. Sadly, the promise of an ever-increasing and more widely shared prosperity has been fading since the mid-1970s. During the postwar period the American economy improved its productivity by roughly 3 percent each year. But since 1973, productivity has advanced at a sluggish 1 percent. Adjusted for inflation, wages for most Americans have stagnated for two decades. Though the Reagan administration controlled inflation and lowered unemployment temporarily, that disturbing trend continued during the 1980s.

Under the Reagan presidency, taxes for the wealthy were reduced in the belief that money in the hands of the "productive" would spur real prosperity for all. But the "rising tide" that was to lift all boats never arrived. Instead, according to economist Paul Krugman (*Peddling Prosperity: Economic Sense and Nonsense in the Age of Diminished Expectations*, Norton), incomes for the wealthiest 1 percent of American families doubled while income for those at the bottom of the economic scale declined. Seventy percent of income growth from 1979 to 1989 was "siphoned off" by the top 1 percent of wage earners. Cuts in social spending programs simultaneously took money out of the hands of the poor, reducing some to destitution, and eclipsing the hope of economic advancement for many more. By the end of the 1980s, the U.S. poverty rate was 20 percent higher than in 1973.

These economic trends continue, and continue to raise basic questions about social justice and fairness. Americans at the very top of the wage scale are doing better than ever, with the top fifth of American families now in control of 44.6 percent of U.S. income while the bottom fifth is left to divide up 4.4 percent. Families in the top quarter of the income scale earn an average of $91,000 compared to $11,500 for those in the bottom 25 percent. According to *Business Week* (August 15), that is the widest gap between rich and poor since 1947, when the Census Bureau began gathering such data. Even more troubling, the increasing cost of education—the most important determinant of earning capacity—is making it more difficult for the poor to acquire the skills that would increase their opportunities in tomorrow's economy. Deprived of a quality education today, too many Americans will be unjustly denied a decent standard of living tomorrow. That need not, and should not, be the case.

European nations have avoided a similar increase in income disparity thanks to the presence of strong unions, a higher minimum wage, and successful government and corporate cooperation in job-training programs. The top 10 percent of American workers earn 5.6 times as much as those in the bottom 10 percent. In Germany and

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France, those at the top earn only three times as much as those at the bottom (*Business Week*). True, Europe's unemployment problem is greater, but a more generous welfare system keeps most of the unemployed above the poverty line. How much this costs European nations in terms of productivity is a matter of fierce debate, but clearly they have chosen to pay the price of greater government intervention in the economy in return for the social comity a more equitable distribution of wealth brings. Americans seem unwilling, or politically incapable, of sanctioning such government activism. Or lacking that, of finding truly effective alternative ways of better distributing the nation's material abundance.

Meanwhile, the Republican-led assault on government and the welfare state seems only to intensify. But the cry to cut "waste and fraud" from the federal budget is a diversion, if not a fraud itself. Even if every inefficiency were magically removed, the economic problems of most Americans would remain. More than 70 percent of government spending goes for defense and middle-class entitlement programs such as Social Security and Medicare. Even the effort to cut so-called "discretionary" spending—farm subsidies, aid to education, disaster relief—routinely fails. This makes social spending for the poor an easy target. Certainly, these programs are not beyond criticism. Government alone cannot solve the problems of poverty and social breakdown. But the much-maligned aid programs account for only a small portion of government spending. The declining American standard of living, which is at the root of so much of the volatility in our political culture, will not be reversed by confiscating the pittance grudgingly allotted to the poor.

Those are the facts. Nevertheless, it would be a serious mistake to attribute the growing disparity between the rich and the rest of Americans solely to Republican efforts to reduce taxes. Economists such as Krugman are agnostic about the fundamental reason for our economic problems. Most advanced economies are in the same boat. Krugman asks, "Why did the economic magic go away?" and answers with refreshing candor: "The real answer is that we don't know." No empirical evidence, he says, conclusively links the decline in productivity to any of the usual suspects, such as the globalization of trade and the

A Southern pastor

The public career of Msgr. Joseph B. Gremillion, who died August 9 at the University of Notre Dame, was a microcosm of an extraordinary era in church history. A native of tiny Moreauville, Louisiana, he became in time an internationally respected pioneer of Catholic social ministry.

Gremillion cut his pastoral teeth on the problems of a Southern parish struggling with civil rights and nascent lay leadership in the 1950s. Inspired by friends, teachers, and colleagues—including progressive priests such as John Egan, Luigi Ligutti, and George Higgins—he anticipated much of Vatican II in his efforts to empower lay leaders and turn the face of the local church outward. From his base in Saint Joseph's parish in Shreveport, which he founded in 1947, he coaxed a Catholic minority in the Bible Belt to embrace ecumenism before it became fashionable; challenged social apathy and racism; and persuaded lay Catholics to take responsibility for their parishes.

Gremillion's sense of ministry and church was profoundly shaped by his participation in reform movements like the Catholic Committee of the South and his experience at Grailville, the school for apostolic formation near Loveland, Ohio, which he valued for its "world vision" and its grasp of the potential of lay missionaries. He worked to widen the awareness of lay groups such as the Holy Name Society on pressing social issues: racism, migrant workers, education without God, corrupt politics. To provide a "program for training" for lay action, he established Catholic Action groups and ambitious adult education programs. He pioneered also in accepting lay teachers for Catholic schools, and imbuing them with a sense of mission.

Gremillion's parochial concerns proved to be globally relevant. After taking a doctorate in social studies at the Gregorian University in Rome, in 1960 he became director for social development for Catholic Relief Services, working to promote social ministry, community development, and nutrition and health programs in Latin America, Africa, Asia, and the Middle East. Pope Paul VI appointed him in 1967 to the Pontifical Commission on Peace and Justice; in this posting he represented the papacy to bishops' conferences, national governments, and religious bodies in fifty countries. In 1974 he became adjunct professor at Notre Dame, where he later served as director of its Institute for Pastoral and Social Ministry, and as co-director, with David Leege, of the Notre Dame Study of Catholic Parish Life.

Of Gremillion's books, his *Journal of a Southern Pastor* was an honest and detailed account of his years at Saint Joseph's; the most influential has been *The Gospel of Peace and Justice* (Orbis, 1976), an annotated collection of church documents on social justice. But influence can be measured in many ways. "Father Joe" acted as a man of faith, possessed of a dramatic expectation for a coming global community of justice. Those who knew him found inspiration in his vision, even when it seemed unrealistic, precisely because it was so clearly a product of his frustrating and unfinished, but undeniably redemptive, ministry in an "ordinary" Southern parish. SCOTT APPLEBY

Scott Appleby is director of the Cushwa Center for the Study of American Catholicism at the University of Notre Dame.

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pressure of international competition, the loss of manufacturing jobs and the shift to a service-based economy, or to the adjustment to technological advances. National economies and free markets are not perfectly rational operations that lend themselves to easy manipulation. Cautious initiatives and patience comprise the best approach.

But if the economic reasons for inequality remain hard to quantify, the fundamental injustice of continuing down this road is not in question. Neither are the likely consequences of an ever-widening gap between rich and poor. The severe stratification of income is a recipe for social resentment and despair, if not higher levels of crime and violence. Even in these uncertain times, the $6-trillion American economy can easily afford to make a decent provision for the poor. "This will cost money—" Krugman writes, "but not much, because our poor are so poor that it only takes a moderate amount of spending to make them much better off."

On the larger question of productivity, Krugman and others simply note that we have been living beyond our means for the better part of a decade—that is what the deficit is all about—and the best hope for a return to genuine prosperity is to curb wasteful private and government consumption. It will take political will to take such steps, and the political leadership to summon it. That will can be found in a sense of what justice demands.

REPORT FROM MEXICO

FOLLOWING SALINAS

FROM PRESIDENTIALISM TO PLURALISM

Unless the Virgin of Guadalupe intervenes to prevent it, Mexico's new and more diverse Congress will declare Ernesto Zedillo Ponce de León, candidate of the governing Institutional Revolutionary Party (PRI), the country's next president. That action will confirm Zedillo's robust showing (48.8 percent) over Diego Fernández de Cevallos (26 percent), nominee of the center-right National Action Party (PAN); Cuauhtémoc Cárdenas (16.6 percent), standard-bearer of the populist-left Democratic Revolutionary Party (PRD); and six small-party hopefuls in the August 21 election.

Who is Zedillo? What accounted for his thumping victory in a nation whose people yearn for political change? Who emerged as winners and losers from the August 21 balloting? What problems confront Mexico's next chief executive?

The forty-two-year-old Zedillo grew up in a modest family in Mexicali. His father worked as an electrician; his mother as a low-level public servant. As a child, Zedillo shined shoes and collected cans to sell to local junk dealers. Self-discipline and a steel-trap mind landed him one scholarship after another until he earned a Ph.D. in economics from Yale.

Upon returning to Mexico, he rose swiftly through the financial bureaucracy until current president, Carlos Salinas de Gortari, named him secretary of planning and budget in 1988. In that post, Zedillo privatized white elephant state firms, slashed subsidies, and helped pave the way for Mexico's integration with the U.S. and Canadian economies through the North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA).

President Salinas moved Zedillo to head the education ministry in 1992. There he tied improved productivity to higher salaries for grossly underpaid teachers, decentralized the educational system to prevent nationwide strikes by the rambunctious SNTE teachers' union, and issued new textbooks. The latter sparked growls from nationalists, who insisted that the text painted too favorable a picture of turn-of-the century dictator Porfirio Díaz, while embarrassing the military by describing its shooting of civilians in the October 1968 "Tlatelolco Massacre."

Salinas's condemnation of the offending books seemed to explode Zedillo's presidential prospects. He was, indeed, passed over in favor of Luis Donaldo Colosio, a confidant of Zedillo's who made the young education secretary his campaign manager. After a twenty-something misfit pumped two bullets into Colosio's head on March 23, Salinas hand-picked Zedillo as the party's candidate.

The banker-like technocrat took to campaigning like a teetotaler to tequila. He appeared wooden and self-conscious in emphasizing his commitment to continuing Salinas's opening of a once-hugely statist and corrupt economy, as well as to the National Solidarity Program that funnels several billion dollars annually to grass-roots development initiatives. He was equally ill at ease when pledging to promote the true independence of judges and legislators, long manipulated by Mexican executives.

Until a May 12 debate, it appeared that Cárdenas—once a PRI stalwart—would pose the toughest threat to Zedillo. After all, the sixty-year-old engineer-turned-politician had run strongly—many Mexicans believe that he won—against Salinas in the 1988 contest that was suffused with fraud. But Fernández, fifty-three, a quick-witted lawyer, came out punching. He lambasted the phlegmatic, unphotogenic Cárdenas, whom he despises, as a self-promoting, do-nothing, and corrupt governor when he ran Michoacán state from 1980 to 1986.

As for the professional Zedillo, Fernández sneered: "We know that you've been a good boy and got high grades, but in a democracy, we sincerely believe you fail."

This was a mordant commentary on the PRI's sixty-five years of authoritarian, Tammany Hall-style rule in a country whose government spent $1 billion this year to sanitize electoral procedures.

Fernández's nifty showing in the televised dust-up enabled him to streak ahead of the hapless Cárdenas and pull within striking distance of Zedillo. Some surveys even identified the bearded, colorful PANista—nicknamed "Jefe Diego" (Sir Diego) for his haughty, patrician manner—as the front-runner.

Yet, several factors enabled the PRI candidate to win handily:

- Zedillo's campaign slogans linked him with "well-being

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for your family" and "a vote for peace," thereby sharpening fears that an opposition victory could ignite instability and violence.

• Government-influenced TV networks devoted substantially more coverage to Zedillo, who improved his campaign style, than to his adversaries.

• Alarmed by the possibility of a Fernández triumph, even the PRI's old-guard "dinosaurs" jumped aboard their party's well-oiled and well-financed bandwagon.

• Fernández failed to build on his post-debate momentum and virtually left the campaign trail for a month in early summer. Observers have advanced various, unconfirmed reasons—illness, death threats, inadequate funds, personal quirkiness, a sense that the PAN was unprepared to govern—to explain his absence.

• Cárdenas failed to establish a clear image: he championed a bigger role for government, but forswore higher taxes; he advocated decreased oil exports, but failed to give specifics; and he both criticized and praised private investors and NAFTA.

Along with Zedillo, Salinas emerged as the big winner from the August election. After obtaining passage of the continental trade pact and selecting his successor, Mexico's tough, diminutive president suffered one kick in the teeth after another: a rebellion in Chiapas, the kidnapping of a prominent billionaire, and—worst of all—Colosio's assassination.

Salinas showed *sangfroid* in the face of these traumatic events. Among other actions, he replaced as government secretary a political hack and ex-Chiapas governor with the highly respected Jorge Carpizo McGregor. A former university rector and human-rights leader, Carpizo presided over the Federal Electoral Institute (IFE) that organized the recent balloting. Minor irregularities aside, these contests garnered widespread praise thanks to an updated and expanded voter roll, see-through ballot boxes, and 82,563 domestic and foreign observers. Salinas also laid down the law to the PRI's swag-bellied dinosaurs. He warned that ballot stuffing, multiple "carousel" voting, phony counts, and other criminal acts could discredit the regime, shatter the party's grip on power, and eliminate their remaining perks. The relative cleanliness of the election will install Salinas in the Pantheon of Mexican notables and boost his candidacy for director-general of the newly created World Trade Organization.

Even as Salinas's star rose, Cárdenas's fell. Newspapers from the left-wing *Unomásuno* to the right-wing *El Heraldo* trumpeted the "responsibility" and "participation" of Mexico's electorate (some 77.7 percent went to the polls). Yet, the PRD's Cárdenas continued the we-wuz-robbed bellyaching that he started months before the balloting took place. "An enormous fraud was committed," he told followers who brandished their party's black and yellow, sun-adorned banners. "We don't know who won and who lost."

He attracted an anemic crowd to the Zócalo central plaza on the Monday following the election. More enthusiasts showed up six days later. On both occasions, PRD loyalists chanted "death to the PRI," evincing a troubling tendency to treat political adversaries more like enemies than worthy opponents.

The PRD leader's call for rallies, marches, and protests to void the election will not prosper. Clearly, most Mexicans endorse the official outcome. Cárdenas's intransigence will, however, sharpen divisions between PRD extremists and moderates. This will unleash centrifugal forces likely to shatter a party which, from its 1989 founding, more closely resembled a Mideast bazaar than a coherent political organization.

Two acute problems flow from the PRD's probable disintegration. For starters, leftist individuals and organizations will be bereft of a viable legal outlet to vent frustrations also articulated by Subcomandante Marcos and his masked, gun-toting guerrillas in Chiapas. Meanwhile, the increasingly centrist PRI and the technocratic Zedillo will lack a credible critic on the left of the party spectrum, especially at a time when the government must uplift the "other Mexico"—some 50 percent of the population—who endure harsh poverty.

The Zedillo administration will have to target spending on roads, irrigation, health, and education to keep millions of peasants from abandoning the land for the bright lights of Mexico City, other urban centers, and the U.S. border. It must also ensure technical assistance, vocational education, and affordable credit to small- and medium-sized entrepreneurs who are struggling to confront NAFTA-driven competition. In the words of political analyst Luis Rubio, "Twenty percent of these firms will make it, 20 percent will go belly-up, and 60 percent can go either way." Above all, Zedillo must attract investment to generate employment for the 1 million young people who seek jobs each year.

Zedillo will have to attack forbidding problems without some of the weapons boasted by Salinas, the last of Mexico's imperial presidents. As *lider máximo*, the incumbent jailed political opponents, ousted half the nation's thirty-one governors, steamrolled legislation through Congress, and personally picked two successors.

Even as Salinas ruled with a strong hand, members of the business community, women, community leaders, and priests no longer regard politics as the exclusive domain of the chief executive and a few hundred loyalists. The Civic Alliance spawned a network of organizations that beamed a bright light on IFE activities, legitimated the deployment of domestic and foreign observers, and scrutinized the electoral process. And the print media, once a government PR service, now publicize official shenanigans—with papers such as *El Norte*, *Reforma*, and *El Financiero* in the vanguard. Many expect Zedillo to include one or more PANistas in his cabinet. The fact that the PRI lacks the two-thirds majority required in the 500-member Chamber of Deputies to amend the Constitution ensures that Zedillo will have to negotiate with legislative opponents to accomplish major policy changes.

Zedillo's December 1 inauguration promises to open a new chapter in his country's history—one in which pluralism begins to compete with presidentialism. GEORGE W. GRAYSON

George W. Grayson, author of North American Free Trade Agreement: Regional Community in a Global Order *(University Press of America), teaches government at the College of William and Mary.*

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A DEBT REPAID

RESCUING THE FUTURE

A CHANCE FOR BOSNIAN STUDENTS

For me, what is happening now in Bosnia brings to mind memories of a time—fifty-four years ago—when my parents and I waited in Vienna for relatives in the United States to rescue us from the Nazis. Because there was no way for Jews to earn a living, we relied on American soup kitchens for our one hot meal of the day. Finally, after eighteen months, the treasured invitation came. But there were still anxious moments at the U.S. consulate, where we had to prove that we were in good health and could support ourselves. Because of childhood polio my father walked with a pronounced limp. Fortunately the doctor who examined us was interested in photography, my father's profession; so, in fluent English, my father explained to the doctor the features of a new camera, thereby demonstrating his ability to make a living. Finally, with tickets supplied by HIAS, an American relief organization, we three boarded the Italian ship that brought us to New York harbor and the welcoming torch of the Statue of Liberty.

Now, seeing something very close to a new holocaust taking place in Bosnia, it is frustrating to realize that the official U.S. reaction has been as grudging and skeptical as it was fifty years ago. Once more I'm learning that bureaucracies lack empathy and respond poorly to crises; one must look to individuals and private groups to keep us human. In my own case it was the New School for Social Research in Manhattan where I took my Ph.D. In 1933 it had set up a "University in Exile" that saved some two hundred European scholars from the Nazis.

A few months ago, I was offered a chance to repay my moral debt. I learned that there were nearly 600 Bosnian students hoping to continue their education in the United States. Stranded in Croatia, Slovenia, or Serbia, out of contact with their families, they were indubitably refugees, but U.S. embassies routinely denied them immigrant status. They could, however, obtain student visas, a chance to survive and study, if an American college or university would admit them and if they could show they would not become dependent.

A rescue operation was organized by the Fellowship of Reconciliation (FOR), an ecumenical antiwar group in Nyack, New York, and by the Jerrahi Order of America, a Sufi Muslim organization. In response to an appeal from FOR, I called friends who contacted others; each of us jumped at the chance to approach colleges in the area. One friend, a professor at Tompkins-Cortland Community College in Dryden, New York, was sure the college president would offer a scholarship. FOR had sent us the papers on Jasmina Burdzovic, a twenty-two-year-old woman who had completed a year of university work before her family was forced to flee by Serbian soldiers. They had taken her Muslim father to a concentration camp.

Sure enough, Eduardo Marti, the college president, immediately offered a tuition waiver. He had himself fled Cuba in 1960 as part of the "Peter Pan Brigade" that brought children to the United States. Catholic Charities had responded to his parents' call for help in getting an education; he became a biology teacher, then a college administrator. "Now it's my turn to help," he said.

Jasmina would still need a place to live, expense money, a network in the community. In less than a week, twenty people—from Jewish, Catholic, Protestant, and Muslim backgrounds—jelled into a cohesive support group: The Bosnian Student Project of Ithaca. Jerrahi supplied the air fare for Jasmina. One of our friends, a linguist fluent in Serbo-Croatian, offered temporary housing and an "Affidavit of Support," required by the U.S. consulate in Istanbul, where Jasmina's family had found refuge.

Six weeks later, on February 4, about twenty of us, including Dr. Marti, welcomed Jasmina at the Ithaca bus station. We knew her story: the confiscation of her family's house and possessions, the arrest and torture of her father, threats to abduct her and her sister, their hair's breadth escape to Turkey. But what was most memorable was her refusal to fit the stereotype of a victim.

"I am only part Muslim," she said. "My father is Bosnian, but my mother a Christian Serb." She had no desire for revenge against all Serbs. Indeed, she said, it was a highly placed Serb officer, a friend of the family, who had gone the rounds of the concentration camps until he found Jasmina's father, whose breath rasped through crushed ribs. The officer brazened the father's release from his captors to his own custody, so that he could spirit him to a hospital in Belgrade.

Jasmina confirmed that Bosnians had constituted one of Europe's most cosmopolitan societies. Jews, Christians, and Muslims had lived close to one another for generations; something like a quarter of them had intermarried. Yet the fanatic nationalists, mostly Serbian, had been able to whip up religious hatred against the Muslims, even those who were thoroughly secularized. Jasmina's home had been taken over by the family's Serbian maid, who just moved in because her family needed more room.

Jasmina settled into her new life quickly. After her arrival was reported in the media, no fewer than twelve families offered their homes. She chose to live with a therapist in a house with two other college students, on the bus route to the college. Even though she began classes two weeks late, at midterm she had earned a B in English and A+ marks in two other subjects.

Samir Kulenovic, a twenty-five-year-old engineering student from Bihac, was the next case referred to us by FOR. He had been an honors graduate in civil engineering from Zagreb University in 1991, winner of a prize for his design of a bridge over the Sava River. Then the Croatians began to expel the thousands of Bosnian students living among them. To avoid being arrested, or, worse, being impressed into the Croatian army and forced to make war against his own people, Samir went into hiding.

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Samir's chief rescuer turned out to be Zellman Warhaft, a member of our group who is a professor at Cornell. The university needed transcripts and other documents to admit Samir and grant financial aid. Here modern technology made a difference. In 1940 it had taken weeks to reach our American relatives by mail held up by the Nazi censors. This year our requests reached Samir by telephone and the necessary papers were delivered instantaneously by fax. Professor Warhaft signed the required statement assuring that Samir's other expenses would be covered. Within a month the news was flashed to Samir through third parties in Slovenia, where he was hiding, that Cornell had admitted him to graduate school, waived his first year's tuition, and offered him a teaching assistantship in his second year. Thus armed, Samir was able to obtain a student visa.

From Samir and two other Bosnian students we met in Nyack we learned more about the shattering of their once-secure lives. Bosnians with any property were robbed by Serbian neighbors. Some were blackmailed into paying huge sums to avoid being harmed. They were allowed out of their houses only if they wore white armbands and were on their way to work, but most of them lost their jobs and were effectively under house arrest. Some were taken to concentration camps, where women were raped and men tortured. Students and intellectuals were the special targets of ethnic cleansing. Those we talked to were convinced that the sociopaths who have performed the most inhuman acts against Bosnians are acting in accord with a Serbian master plan. When one takes into account that more than 200,000 Bosnians have been murdered and a million survivors driven into exile, comparisons with the genocide carried out by the Nazis seem to me justified. As one sixteen-year-old Bosnian refugee put it, "They destroyed our mosques and museums—our past. They are killing our people—our present. Now they are murdering our students and teachers—our future."

If this war is ever to end, and if these people are to have a decent future, the students will be needed to facilitate the healing of their people. So far, four dozen of them have come to this country through FOR. It is a slow, person-to-person rescue effort, but in the absence of action by Western governments, it is the best thing going.

HARVEY FIRESIDE

Harvey Fireside is Dana Professor of Politics at Ithaca College.

OF SEVERAL MINDS Abigail McCarthy

YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFESTYLE

PRIVATIZING THE PRISON SYSTEM

As the crime bill swung into its second round this summer, vacationers with whom I was sharing Cape Cod tended to grow nostalgic about the relatively crime-free times of their youth. I, too, thought fondly of the days when we put the key on the ledge over the front door—if we locked the door at all—and the only crimes that fretted our parents were kids swiping melons from nearby farmers' fields or, once or twice, some petty embezzlement by a hard-pressed employee in one of the town's businesses.

Oh, we were aware of big crime. In his time Jesse James and his gang had robbed a bank in a town not far away and, during my adolescence, Al Capone reigned in Chicago and often popped up in the headlines. But in Minnesota we did not live with crime as an inescapable fact of life.

Now, living as I do in Washington, D.C., where homicide is commonplace and teen-agers carry assault weapons as ordinary gear, I take crime as a given. I suppose it speaks to the adaptability of human nature. I am, I realize, fortunate that I have known personally only one person who was shot—and that not fatally, although the intent to kill was there. (She had failed to let go her purse easily when it was grabbed.)

"Stick 'em up. Now *do you see how bad things are, Senator?"*

But threatening incidents are commonplace. For example, a neighbor was attacked and pursued at dusk on the way from her parking space to our building—right past two supposedly guarded embassies. And someone jumped out of the shubbery and waylaid a passing woman, holding her at knife-point on our front steps until she yielded her wallet, bank card, and pin number. (Our sentimental doorman said that he assumed that they were lovers!) And things like this happen on an almost weekly basis.

When I go out to take a walk or to go down the street to the dentist or the bookstore I automatically de-mug myself. I put my keys, one credit card, some cash, and my driver's license (for identification) in a pocket—an inside one, if possible. I carry a purse with some money in it to mollify any purse-snatcher who might be enraged to find it empty. I also keep several quarters in one hand to placate the more aggressive panhandlers who wave paper cups under my nose. (On the same principle a friend of mine keeps a purse with money visible in her front hall.) I walk fast looking straight ahead. Eye contact, I have read, is often interpreted as "dissing" or showing disrespect to young gang members. Lest readers get the wrong idea, I hasten to add that I find this necessary in one

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of the best sections of our capital city.

Should I and my friends not then rejoice in the passage of a crime bill that is intended to take our potential assailants off the street, increase the number of police and prisons, and make certain that repeating violent offenders will spend their lives behind bars? Not really.

First of all, hard as it may be for my frightened contemporaries to believe, we older women are the least likely victims of violent crime despite the prevalence of incidents like those I have described above. A poll taken this summer by *Money* magazine established that fact and the correlative one that the most likely victims are African-American males between the ages of twelve and nineteen. What *will* make us safer and release us more surely from the prison of fear are the rehabilitation of those young and violent who are now offenders, and measures to prevent others from joining them. It seems that the building of the additional prisons for which the crime bill will provide the money will do little or nothing for either deterrence or rehabilitation.

First of all, prisons, once built, must be staffed and maintained. Local jurisdictions simply do not have the money to do more than they are now doing for their overcrowded facilities. Secondly, most states have a sorry record in the administration of prisons. Take only one lurid example. In a state as supposedly enlightened as Massachusetts a woman prisoner named Joan Andrade died this month because the infectious pneumonia from which she was suffering went undiagnosed and untreated for ten days. Three other inmates of the same women's prison died under similar circumstances in 1992. According to the *Boston Globe* the State Department of Correction's supervision of the health provider had been shockingly inadequate. Less shocking than death by neglect but also an indictment of prison administration is that it is almost taken for granted that a young man entering prison is entering a school for crime. "I am a career criminal," said Ernest Anderson, talking to Anthony Ramirez of the *New York Times* (August 14) and detailing a decade of his life spent in five different prisons.

But in Ernest Anderson's story there is a ray of hope emanating from an unlikely source: privately run prisons. In the facility in which he is now held, the Metro-Davidson Facility in Nashville, Tennessee, Anderson says he has been able to turn his life around. "The private prison industry has no shortage of critics," writes Ramirez, "from public sector unions out to protect their jobs to civil liberty advocates who warn that company-run prisons are less accountable." Yet in the thirteen states in which privately run prisons are allowed, the larger correction services are demonstrating that providing ample prison services cuts costs and is productive of rehabilitation for the inmates.

Private correction officials and wardens say that the gain for the companies comes from changing the unhealthy environment found in so many prisons. "At Corrections Corporation prisons you don't have the atmosphere of impending violence that you have in a state prison," says William C. La Rowe, director of a Texas prisoners' rights group. Part of the formula used to improve the prison atmosphere is to keep potentially quarrelsome prisoners like Ernest Anderson so busy with drug rehabilitation, recreational and educational programs that trouble will not tempt them. At Metro-Davidson inmates can get a high school equivalency degree and attend programs that teach marketable skills as well as take a six-month psychological counseling course designed to bring brooding loners out of isolation.

Perhaps there is a rich irony in the fact that the profit motive makes better rehabilitation than does state social policy. The welfare and safety of prisoners turn out to be good business. It is possible that, until there is another crime bill with strong preventive programs, prevention of crime will also become the province of far-sighted entrepreneurs. And hopeless youths will have futures and our communities will be safe once again. □

OF SEVERAL MINDS David R. Carlin, Jr.

IT'S THE CULTURE, STUPID

THE IRONY OF CLINTON'S SUCCESS

The irony of Bill Clinton's situation is that if he succeeds in doing the job he got elected to do, there is a real likelihood he will be thrown out of office.

Before explaining what I mean, I should confess that one of my abiding prejudices is that in accounting for great historical and political events one should find causes proportionate to effects. This prejudice stands in contrast to an alternative view, the "Cleopatra's nose" theory of history, according to which major events are sometimes produced by trivial causes; e.g., if Cleopatra's nose had been half an inch longer or shorter than it was, the entire course of human history would have been different.

I have been listening to the wise men and women of the Washington press explain why Bill Clinton is in trouble. It is, they say, because he gives too few press conferences; or because he overexposes himself on TV; or because, unlike Ronald Reagan, Clinton has too many items on his agenda; or because he is a pragmatist whose spouse is an ideologue; or because people in the White House didn't like David Gergen; or because former chief of staff Mack McLarty was too nice a guy; etc., etc. (Oddly enough, they never mention the problem of an absurdly large Washington press corps, which, by a kind of Parkinson's Law of journalism, justifies its existence by making mountains out of molehills.)

The trouble with all these explanations is that they explain a major event (the possible failure of the Clinton presidency) in terms of relatively trivial causes. It's like saying that a roomful of monkeys hitting typewriter keys at random could produce a *New York Times* poll showing the president with an approval rating under 40 percent.

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Clinton's own explanation is that he is the victim of a culture of cynicism, skillfully exploited by Rush Limbaugh and his ilk. Though I don't agree with this explanation, at least it has the merit of proportionality. Cynicism is a powerful force; in a culture of cynicism even George Washington and Abraham Lincoln would have had failed presidencies. But unfortunately for this theory, Americans don't yet suffer from a generalized cynicism, even though large numbers may be cynical about Bill Clinton in particular.

Now, I have absolutely no connection with the Washington press corps. So let's see what an amateur's hand can do at providing a proportional explanation for Clinton's problems.

I make three assumptions: (1) that voters have both economic and cultural interests; (2) that in difficult economic times voters worry more about economic than cultural issues; and (3) that in good economic times they worry more about cultural issues.

Clinton got elected because the economy was in trouble during much of 1991-92. The voters blamed George Bush, and they decided to replace him with someone who would fix the economy. Clinton was not exactly their overwhelming favorite, getting only 43 percent of the vote; but the anti-Bush vote was in excess of 60 percent (Ross Perot getting about 20 percent). Critics of the Bush campaign fault him for not having exploited cultural issues, e.g., Clinton's support for gays in the military. But economic issues were in the saddle in 1992; as is normal in such cases, cultural issues had a day off.

It is now two years later, and the economy is in relatively good shape. In other words, Clinton has done the job he was hired to do. By any reasonable measure, we would have to judge his presidency to be a great success.

Some may object that the expanding economy is not the result of anything Clinton did; that it had already begun to expand during the last months of Bush's term; that Clinton just happened to be lucky. But this is a quibble. When voters are unhappy with the economy and they change presidents, they do not do so out of motives of intellectual curiosity. They don't change horses because they want to conduct a scientific experiment that will determine with mathematical precision the causal connection between presidential actions A, B, and C and economic consequences X, Y, and Z. No, they hope that changing horses will lead to a comfortable ride. As long as the desired outcome is achieved, they could care less whether this is the result of scientific decision-making, pure good luck, or a miraculous intervention from heaven.

So Clinton's administration has been a success when measured by the main promise he made when running for office; he has carried out his contract with the American people. But if so, why are so many ready to fire him? Why does his successful presidency appear to be teetering on the brink of failure?

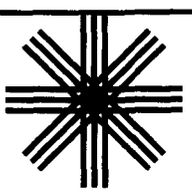
The answer, I submit, is to be found in assumption number 3 mentioned above, namely, that in good economic times people turn their attention to cultural issues.

This would be no problem if the public were in agreement with Clinton on such issues. They would then say, "He's good on the economy, and he's good on the culture too. Aren't we lucky to have him?" Unfortunately for the president, the public does not agree with him on cultural issues. They say, "Sure, he's been good for the economy; but it isn't the economy that's worrying me right now. It's the culture, stupid!"

Whatever Clinton may be in his heart of hearts, he is perceived as being a liberal; or at least he is seen as married to the liberals—"married" in the metaphorical sense and perhaps in the literal sense as well. But the public is convinced, and is becoming more convinced daily, that liberals are wrong on cultural issues: wrong on morality, wrong on religion, wrong on family, wrong on sex, wrong on education, wrong on crime, wrong on the underclass, and perhaps even wrong on race.

There are four possible situations facing a liberal or semi-liberal Democrat running for president: (1) bad economy, Republican in White House; (2) good economy, Republican in White House; (3) bad economy, Democrat in White House; (4) good economy, Democrat in White House. If my analysis is correct, Clinton—or for that matter, any other liberal Democrat—can get elected only in situation number 1, the case that prevailed in 1992.

If the national Democrats are determined to remain faithful to their religion of cultural liberalism, they will have to resign themselves to winning a one-term presidency every twelve, sixteen, or twenty years. The Republicans will vacate the White House for four years whenever there is an economic downturn in the year or two preceding an election. Otherwise they will be permanent occupants. □



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SCIENCE VS. RELIGION (I)

SOME TOUGH QUESTIONS

CHET RAYMO

It was a moment of consequence.

Galileo Galilei, seventy-years-old, blind and feeble, knelt on the marble floor of a Roman palace before assembled princes of the church and renounced his life work, affirming, against the evidence of reason and his own senses, that the Earth was the fixed center of the universe.

Historians debate how Galileo's conflict with papal authorities came to this sorry pass. Pride, foolishness, simple misunderstanding: All may have played a part. In retrospect, the church admits it made a mistake in condemning Galileo, although it took 350 years to acknowledge doing so. Even the most recalcitrant medievalist now admits that the Earth revolves around the sun.

But Galileo's misfortune worked to the advantage of science. Within a century of his recantation, science had severed its ties with ecclesiastical tradition and scriptural authority. From the time of Isaac Newton (1642-1727), mathematical deduction and experimentation became the sole arbiters of scientific truth, administrated by a secular establishment anchored in local scientific societies. The new authority was international, nonsectarian, and fiercely independent. The motto of Britain's Royal Society, established in 1662, was "Take no one's word."

What they meant, of course, was take no one's word but ours. What had changed was the standard by which a segment of society decides what is true, and not everyone embraced the new standard, certainly not the Roman church, which went its own way, advocating in place of the new learning a medieval natural philosophy based on polarities—immanent and transcendent, body and soul, natural and supernatural. This was the natural philosophy that I learned in Catholic schools in the 1950s and '60s, even as I studied chemistry, biology, and physics. The result was a conflict between theology and science that proved devilishly difficult to resolve.

Science, according to the church of my youth, was "materialistic," "mechanistic," and "quantitative," and these terms were meant pejoratively, implying a partial and paltry view of reality. But the world described by my philosophy and theology teachers bore little resemblance to the world I discovered in chemistry, biology, and physics. The "materialism" of modern quantum chemistry seemed more like a kind of cosmic music. The "mechanisms" of molecular biology astonished with their generative magic. And the "quantification" of mathematical physics swept me away with its lofty elegance. The world of my science classes seemed grander, more marvelously contrived, and infinitely richer than the anthropomorphic and anthropocentric cosmos I studied in Natural Philosophy 101.

More important, science made no use of irreconcilable polarities. "Matter" and "spirit," "body" and "soul," "natural" and "supernatural" denoted meaningless distinctions. I was impressed by the impetus toward conceptual unity in science, and by the ability of science to achieve consensus across barriers of religion, class, politics, ethnic origin, and gender.

Many of us who came of scientific age during the '50s and '60s were deeply influenced by positivist philosophers such as Carnap, Frank, Hempel, Langer, Lindsay, Margenau, Nagel, Northrop, Quine, Reichenbach, and Skinner. We were weary of the seemingly endless squabbles of metaphysicians, and dreamed of objectivity, even if it meant focusing our attention on the small part of human experience that is amenable to logical analysis. We sought clarity at the cost of completeness. If

CHET RAYMO *teaches science at Stonehill College in North Easton, Massachusetts, writes a science column for the* Boston Globe, *and is a novelist.*

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we were not able to define the soul in scientific terms, then we were willing to wait until it became practical to do so.

The study of the history of science in recent decades has made abundantly clear that our dream of objectivity was an illusion. Even such confirmed positivists as Albert Einstein created theories that embody personal, institutional, and cultural influences. Nevertheless, many of us who were influenced by positivist principles remain impressed by the ability of the sciences to achieve consensus. What we know of the world may be limited, partial, even subjective, but it is firmly held. Nothing we have learned would suggest the need to revive the old polarities.

But body-soul dualism resides as a hard kernel at the heart of our culture. The vast majority of Americans believe in an immaterial self that comes into being whole and entire at conception and survives the physical disintegration of the body. And fair enough. It is decidedly pleasant to believe that we reside at the nexus of a chain of being—lords of material creation, with one foot up on the immaterial rungs of the ladder. What does science offer instead? A self that is a speck of cosmic dust in a meaningless void—accidental, impermanent, inconsequential to the gods.

And so we live in a state of intellectual schizophrenia, with our way of knowing contradicted by our way of believing. We tolerate, even grudgingly admire science as the source of our health, wealth, and well-being, but we refuse to commit ourselves to the truths of science. We admit that Galileo was right about the respective places of Earth and sun, but we still insist upon the cosmic centrality of self. Against all the evidence of science, we cling to a medieval notion of the soul.

As we approach the end of the millennium, our ambiguous feelings about science appear to be deepening. Astrology, parapsychology, and other New Age superstitions are more popular than ever. Fundamentalist religions grow stronger at the expense of what used to be called mainstream faiths. Surveys show that fewer than 7 percent of U.S. adults can be called scientifically literate, and only 13 percent have a minimum understanding of scientific processes.

Even secular intellectuals that scientists used to count on as friends have begun to express doubts about the value of the scientific enterprise. In Britain, Bryan Appleyard's book *Understanding the Present* (1992) has stirred up a storm of antiscience sentiment. Appleyard is a knowledgeable historian and critic of culture. Not only is science unnecessary to our happiness, he argues, it is positively inimical to it: "Science, quietly and inexplicitly, is talking us into abandoning our true selves." Writing in the prestigious journal *Nature*, Dai Rees, the secretary and chief executive of Britain's Medical Research Council, claims science has "contributed massively to human misery" by undermining traditional stable societies and beliefs without offering any compensating vision of what human life might be.

Most damaging of all is the address of Czech poet, playwright, and statesman Vaclav Havel, delivered before the World Economic Forum and published with the title "The End of the Modern Era." Havel singles out "rational, cognitive thinking" and "depersonalized objectivity" as the abiding sins of our century. He says: "Traditional science with its usual coolness, can describe the different ways we might destroy ourselves, but it cannot offer us truly effective and practicable instructions on how to avert them."

There is truth to these critiques. We have indeed lost a compelling vision of what might be our "true selves," and science does not provide the moral guidance we desperately seek. But science is not the culprit. Science seeks clarity at the cost of completeness. It does not pretend to offer the kind of integrative human vision that has traditionally been the province of theologians and philosophers.

If there has been a failure, it is on the part of theologians and philosophers to define our "true selves" in a way that is consistent with the scientific way of knowing. A new Copernican revolution is under way in science—a revolution in our understanding of the self—and once again the medievalists are shoring up their defenses and wishing the scientific upstarts would go away.

Science is not going to go away. It is far too fruitful a way of knowing to be denied by human curiosity. Even if driven underground from its established position, it will survive. However, the latter is not likely to happen. There is little chance that science will be suppressed by the dominant culture; it is too useful. Who is prepared to turn over our medical and technological establishments to revivalists, crystal-gazers, or astrologers? Or, for that matter, to the likes of Appleyard and Havel? The idea is unthinkable.

The source of our end-of-century intellectual malaise is not science but our lingering commitment to a philosophical dualism that has proven to be scientifically bankrupt; thus, the tension between our way of knowing and our way of believing.

We must come to terms with this scientific truth: There is no such thing as a disembodied self. Our bodies are a mess of chemicals. Our minds are electrical circuits firing like the chips of computers. Scientists have plumbed the human machine and found no ghost, no thing that lingers when the body's substance turns to dust. We now understand that our genetic self is determined by a chemical code that can be read and amended. Soon, genetic engineers will be able to add or subtract features both benign and deleterious from our physical selves.

Consciousness can be turned on, turned off, altered chemically.

Memories can be jogged electrically, not surgically.

The soul as a thing separate from the body has been hunted to its lair. The lair is empty.

Most of us were raised to believe in a self that only temporarily resides in a physical frame. We were taught that the self is there at the beginning, fully formed, in the fertilized egg, and that it survives the body's death and lives forever. This idea of an immaterial, immortal self is among the most cherished of human beliefs. We cling to it. We desperately want it to be true.

But where do we find this disembodied self?

In the fertilized human egg there is an arm's length of DNA, some from each parent. DNA is a molecule with the form of a

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spiral staircase. The treads of the staircase are pairs of chemical units called nucleotides. There are four kinds of treads—designated A-T, T-A, G-C, and C-G by biologists—altogether 3 billion steps in the human DNA, a coded recipe for making a person. Soon, biologists will have a complete step-by-step transcription of the code—and the power to change it.

What about consciousness? Machines are intelligent, and are becoming smarter every day. Already, computers mimic human intelligence with remarkable fidelity. When machine intelligence becomes functionally indistinguishable from human intelligence, will we concede that machines are conscious? Will machines have souls?

Research suggests that the difference between animal and human intelligence is a matter of degree rather than kind. Chimpanzees can be taught the use of language and mathematical abstraction. Do chimps have souls?

Memories? Neurobiologists have convincingly demonstrated that memories are webs of electrochemical connections in the brain.

Then where resides the disembodied soul? We are hardware and software. We are thinking meat. We are earth, air, and water made conscious. The self comes into existence slowly as cells divide, multiply, and specialize, guided by the DNA, organized by experience. When the organization of cells disintegrates, the self is gone. Or so say the scientists.

We resist. We assert belief in a self that is more than the mere sum of its parts. And rightly so. If to have a soul means anything at all, it means to be confident in our specialness, our uniqueness, our individual significance in the cosmos. It means to believe that the human self is undefilable and capable of ennobling the universe.

But we can't hanker back to a discredited medieval dualism, nor should we lodge our nostalgia for the disembodied soul in the remaining niches of scientific ignorance. Niches have a way of becoming filled. This much is certain: We will learn more and more about the biological bases of life and consciousness.

If our way of knowing is not to be divided against our ways of believing, philosophers and theologians must face the challenge of redefining the self in a way that is consistent with twenty-first-century science, respectful of religious traditions, and elevating of the human spirit. We must bring what we believe into harmony with what we know. The agenda for reinterpretation is considerable. Theological concepts such as immortality and resurrection need to be reexamined in the light of the new science. The task may seem insurmountable. But so must the new cosmology of Galileo have seemed intractable to theologians and philosophers of the seventeenth century.

I am not optimistic about the short haul. The photograph that accompanied the newspaper story about the church's admission of error in the condemnation of Galileo showed John Paul II dressed in Renaissance garb sitting on a Renaissance throne in a Renaissance palace, surrounded by other men also dressed in Renaissance clothes. All that was missing was the seventy-year-old man on his knees. The photograph is symbolic: In spite of the pope's cautious and carefully worded proclamation to the contrary, orthodox theology and science remain essentially at odds.

As for myself, I look at the trillions of interacting cells that are my body, the webs and flickering neurons that are my consciousness, and see a self vastly more majestic than the paltry soul illustrated in my grade-school catechism as a circle besmirched with sin. The more I have learned about the biological machinery of life and consciousness, the more profoundly miraculous the self has seemed. "All that is wonderful in this world," said Augustine, "is included in that miracle of miracles, the world itself."

In coming years, biological science will present us with staggering moral dilemmas. Genetic engineering, cloning, reproductive technologies, consciousness-modifying drugs and surgeries: The possibilities for mischief are frightening. If the churches are to provide us with desperately-needed moral guidance, they must offer a vision of our "true selves" which is consistent with—and relevant to—the emerging biology of self. It will not be enough to simply assert the old dualism of body and spirit.

The Hebrew and Christian Scriptures tell us that God created the first man and woman out of the slime of the earth, breathed life into those creatures, and pronounced creation good. The myth is consistent with our current understanding of the nature of life. According to the best scientific theories, we are literally animated slime. Now we must relearn how to think ourselves "good." □

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SCIENCE VS. RELIGION (II)

SOME POSSIBLE ANSWERS

JOHN HONNER

Chet Raymo demands a reply. I have sympathy for his predicament and have argued toward conclusions similar to his own more than once, but his treatment of the disputed questions runs the risk of unwittingly perpetuating error.

First, Raymo laments the general conservatism of the Roman style and the inability of the Roman church to develop its teaching in accord with modern science. The problem of the development of doctrine and the *aggiornamento* of the church is an abiding one, but the issues are more subtle than Raymo's account suggests. Secondly, as a particular case, he rejects the dualism of body and soul that he has experienced as the teaching of the church. This is a pseudo-problem. Such a dualism is not only *not* taught by the church, but is frequently not tolerated by the church. In the light of his understanding of modern science, Raymo then offers his own rather dualist description of the essence of human being: "thinking meat." I shall respond to each of these three moves in turn. I join Raymo in taking these issues seriously. His experience is not isolated, I am sure, and what follows is written in an attempt to heal wounds and offer hope.

First, the development of doctrine. The history of the church reveals a continual refining, restating, and even innovation of doctrine. This is not to say that the "truth" changes, but to acknowledge that the absolute truth resides with God and that the progressive articulation of the contents of the faith is part of the life of the pilgrim people of God as it journeys through history and different cultures, languages, and worldviews. If the framing of the propositions that express the contents of the Christian faith were obvious and fixed and unchanging, there would be no place in the church for a teaching office, a *magisterium*. There would be no need for councils and synods and encyclicals. Even Vatican I allowed for "growth and abundant progress in understanding, knowledge, and wisdom." It is a curious paradox that conservatives tend to support the magisterium and liberals to attack it. The very existence of a teaching office is irrefutable evidence for the possibility of change in the teaching of the church, something not dear to the conservative outlook. Where growth ceases to be evident, there the church struggles: it runs the risk of being like that parable of another Temple, the withered fig-tree.

As the early Jewish-Christian community spread out into the Gentile world, it soon adopted aspects of Greek philosophy as well as models of Roman law and Roman priesthood. And, quite properly, it rejected other aspects of its host cultures—idolatry and temple prostitution for example—as foreign to the faith. The church's appropriation of elements of Greek philosophy in its early councils is an example of vitality and change, as was its embrace of the medieval synthesis after the rediscovery of the works of Aristotle. Its appropriation of contemporary worldviews in our own time, slow as this process may be, is an example of further change. Thus the encyclical *Redemptor hominis* (1979) offers an anthropology without reference to body and soul, but with an emphasis on the indivisible wholeness of the human person. This should not surprise us, as its author, John Paul II, had studied and taught personalism. Again, in 1988 John Paul urged theologians to embrace the findings of science in the search for new expressions of theological doctrine:

> The matter is urgent. Contemporary developments in science challenge theology far more deeply than did the introduction of Aristotle into Western Europe in the thirteenth century. Yet these developments also offer to theology a potentially important resource. Just as

JOHN HONNER S.J. *teaches at the United Faculty of Theology in Melbourne. In 1994 he is visiting scholar at the Jesuit Institute at Boston College. He is an editor of* Pacifica: Australian Theological Studies, *author of several books, including* The Description of Nature: Niels Bohr and the Philosophy of Quantum Physics *(Oxford, 1988).*

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Aristotelian philosophy, through the ministry of such great scholars as Saint Thomas Aquinas, ultimately came to shape some of the most profound expressions of theological doctrine, so can we not hope that the sciences of today, along with all forms of human knowing, may invigorate and inform those parts of the theological enterprise that bear on the relation of nature, humanity and God?

The other side of the story, the one Raymo tends to portray, is of course also partly true. The authorities of the church tend to be wary of the corrosive influence of secular learning. During the Modernist crisis at the beginning of this century, for example, much modern scholarship was firmly condemned and all speculative theology was put on hold, only to emerge renewed at Vatican II. Raymo cites the case of Galileo as a classic instance of the church's inability to learn. My own favorite example of ecclesiastical conservatism, coming from Australia as I do, occurred in the year 748, when Pope Zacharius condemned the idea of the Antipodes (the notion of the earth having opposite sides) and their human occupation as a perverse and iniquitous doctrine.

The conservatism of large institutions is not a peculiarly Roman disease: it is the nature of the animal. John Dillenberger, in his study of *Protestant Thought and Natural Science*, describes an even greater resistance to science than that showed by Rome at the time of the rise of classical science. And even in the culture of science there is a natural conservatism. New ideas are always initially resisted. When Albert Einstein and Niels Bohr received their Nobel prizes for physics in the early 1920s, the awards were made not for their revolutionary theories of relativity and quantum mechanics, published many years earlier, but for their more orthodox and acceptable contributions to science. And when Heisenberg produced the so-called uncertainty principle in 1927, Einstein became the leader of the conservative resistance, finding it unthinkable that Newton's classical causal view of reality could be wrong.

These horror stories may dismay us, but they must be put in context. Henry McAdoo's *The Spirit of Anglicanism* shows that, in seventeenth-century England, the uncritical embrace of science by theology resulted in the gradual reduction of Christian faith to deism. Similarly, the attractions of Enlightenment thought in the nineteenth century produced a liberal Protestantism which diluted Christian faith to humanism. Even the recent theory of cold fusion had to be questioned. Seduction by new ideas is as adolescent as resolute resistance to them is morbid.

In human institutions a variety of factors are at work. The condemnation of Galileo offers an interesting case in point. This was not just a piece of papal conservatism: it had much to do with local vanities and rivalries. Further, Galileo's scientific evidence was insufficient for his thesis: his telescope may have shown that the other planets revolved around the sun, but it offered no direct evidence about the earth's motion. Oddly, Cardinal Bellarmine grasped the hypothetical nature of Galileo's work more clearly than did Galileo; and, on the other hand, Galileo's understanding of the reading of Genesis was more perceptive than Bellarmine's. Or, to take another example, the iron grip of papal authority at Vatican I and in the years that followed has been perceived to have had as much to do with political threats to the papacy—after the loss of the papal states and the need to claim some kind of moral power against the progress of humanism—as it had to do with progress in theology.

This is not to say that the Holy Spirit does not play a part in the life of the church, but to recognize that the Spirit moves in history and that the discernment of spirits remains crucial to the unlayering of truth. Having a headache is not an excuse for killing someone. Nor is the church without fault in its own history. The issues, however, remain subtle. It is possible for an institution to be too conservative. It is equally possible, though less likely, that institutions can adopt new ideas too rapidly and uncritically. We may despair at the slowness of change at the center of the church, but we can also smile in the knowledge that, first, the development of the articulation of doctrine is part of the church's self-understanding and, secondly, whatever reluctance to change the present pope may show in some areas of church discipline and teaching, he is expressly affirmative about new notions of what it means to be human and the contributions to be made to theology by the modern scientific worldview.

Raymo's second objection concerns the supposed dualism of body and soul. Yet despite Raymo's experience and the church's Platonic tendencies, the church has never taught a dualism of body and soul and indeed has on occasions rejected such teachings. It is true that in Platonic and neo-Platonic philosophy the soul is seen as able to have a separate and prior existence, and to be held captive by the body. But some Christian versions of this anthropology held by Gnostics and Manicheans were roundly condemned, for example at Constantinople (543) and Braga (561). The early creeds developed the biblical teaching on the resurrection of the dead and changed it into resurrection of the body, deliberately to counter gnostic tendencies.

The Greek concepts of body and soul have no precise counterparts in the Bible. The Old Testament term *nefesh* is very inaccurately translated as soul: it has a fluid meaning, referring to the essence of one's life. "Person" or "self" may be the basic meanings of the word. Paul in the New Testament uses Greek terms like *sarx* (flesh), *soma* (body), *psyche* (living being), *nous* (mind), and *pneuma* (spirit). In using these terms Paul may be speaking about different aspects of our experience of ourselves, but he nowhere suggests that soul and body are separate things that go together to make up a human being.

The Fourth Lateran Council (1215) taught that "man consists of two essential parts—a material body and a spiritual soul," the soul being the *form* of the body. At the General Council of Vienne (1311-12) the heresy that the soul is not the form of the

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body was again condemned. At Vatican I it was asserted that "Though made up of body and soul, man is one." In this anthropology the soul is immortal, but this does not mean a continuance in time rather than something supratemporal. Soul and body are not seen as two separate objects: where there is stuff there is shape; where there is matter there is form; where there is body (not "corpse"), there is soul.

The matter in my body changes as I age, especially if I have organ transplant operations, but I remain the same person with the same history. This matches the Hebrew sense of body, which has more to do with my communication with others in space and time than with a matter/spirit distinction. But it remains true that the atoms and molecules in my body are continually shuffled around so that in a space of seven years virtually all of them have come and gone and been replaced by others. What is it that gives unity to my being? Some philosophers answered, "soul." Aquinas, the theologian singularly endorsed by the church, did not mean by "soul" a separate substance, a ghost in the machine. He used the terms "soul" and "body" to describe different aspects of what it meant to be human. Just as Raymo's "thinking meat" and "animated slime" combine two descriptive terms to describe human being, so also do the notions of "body" and "soul."

True, there are tendencies to dualism in John's Gospel, in Saint Augustine, and several other places. It is also true that many of us, like Raymo, may have learnt a kind of dualism in school. The great influences on the dualism of the modern age were not the medieval philosophers, however, but paradoxically the giants of classical science: Descartes explicitly so, and Newton indirectly so. The more the material world looked like a machine, the more the soul was seen as separable and God as external. The scientism of the modern era is much more responsible for our divided view of reality than is medieval philosophy. Modern science is a wonderful art, but it is not beyond reproach. Evelyn Fox Keller's *Secrets of Life, Secrets of Death*, for example, offers a salutary account of the masculine perversion of science in its self-proclaimed efforts to penetrate the secrets of nature, that is, to treat nature purely as an object to be dominated.

Finally, Raymo pleads that we face the fact that we are "thinking meat," "animated slime." In so doing he concedes different aspects of human being: one aspect—meat/slime—has to do with mass and space and time; but the qualifiers—thinking/animated—add a less tangible dimension. Both the old medieval worldview and modern physics offer us a way of understanding these conflicting aspects not as a dualism but as a complementarity. In the medieval synthesis the material and the spiritual were not seen as separate layers, the one here and the other somewhere out there. Where there is the material, there also you have the spiritual. Karl Rahner, in his essay on "The Unity of Spirit and Matter in the Christian Understanding of Faith" (*Theological Investigations 6*), describes "matter as the complement to the creaturely spirit." Niels Bohr and Wolfgang Pauli, founders of quantum physicists, both talked of the com-

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plementarity of matter and spirit.

Quantum theory has delivered us from the causal mechanical worldview derived from classical Newtonian physics. Deep down there is a level of reality that is "nonlocal," that binds apparently separate things together as an entangled whole, a realm which can be thought of as "metaphysical" in the same way that the medievals thought of "being," or that primitive peoples imagined "spirit." Thus physicist John Wheeler, who coined the term "black holes," speaks about the "great smoky dragon" of quantum mechanical reality. Bernard d'Espagnat, director of the Laboratoire de Physique Théorique et Particules Elémentaires at the University of Paris, explores the disclosure of a level of Being and veiled reality and God. Abner Shimony, professor of philosophy and physics at Boston University, speaks of the discovery of an "objective indefiniteness." "Objective indefiniteness" describes a presence that is real and yet not completely traceable; a presence that is part of our experience, and yet eludes captivity; a term that matches our traditional understanding of spirit. Such is the material world as described by quantum physics: it is full of windows and openings onto a deeper order. It is not a closed machine. It does not lead to dualism.

Though I lament with Raymo that most theology operates in a culture in which science is either resisted or unknown, theologians have not been entirely unaware of these developments. In the journals with which I am most familiar, *Theological Studies* and *Pacifica*, a dozen or so articles have been published in the last few years on theology and physics. Centers for the study of religion and science are multiplying, though they may struggle for support. Changes in worldview, as a result of the discoveries of recent science, do open the way for a new philosophy of knowing and being and a new theological synthesis. One day this synthesis will become outmoded, and that is nothing to be ashamed of. Nor should we be embarrassed by the medieval synthesis: there is much in it that remains helpful, but it is time to move on. □

SCREEN

FEATHERWEIGHT

'FORREST GUMP'

A feather wafts in the breeze at the start of *Forrest Gump* and comes to rest on the dirty sneaker of a man sitting on a bus stop bench. Forrest, a slightly retarded man in his late thirties, picks it up and places it in his favorite book, *Curious George*. Later, he will lose the feather without even noticing, but that's all right. Something else will blow Forrest's way. Always does. Life serves Forrest not because Forrest serves life but because Forrest is the darling of the gods, or at least certain particular gods named Eric Roth, scriptwriter, and Robert Zemeckis, director. (And there's probably a third called Winston Groom, who wrote the source novel, which I haven't read.)

The rest of this opening sequence is brilliant both in concept and execution and may well be the best thing in the movie. Forrest, looking and sounding like every strange person who has ever trapped us in a public place with inane, endless monologue, begins telling his life story to a quietly annoyed and unresponsive young woman. (She's later joined, then replaced, by other listeners.) The long shot in which this occurs makes the viewer feel as detached as the woman, but, as Forrest drones on, the camera slowly creeps forward and tightens on Forrest's face. He may seem like a dolt to you, the director seems to be telling us, but this is our hero—whether you like it or not—and the rest of this movie is going to certify my choice.

Does it? Has Forrest the stuff of heroes? Well, he exhibits goodheartedness, pluck, and, most of all, faithfulness—virtues that may be prized both in men and dogs. But virtue is not the most salient thing about Forrest. Miraculousness is. For miracles constantly happen to our hero or are performed by him. This film has been accused by some critics of saying that we should try to be as stupid as Forrest Gump if we want to be happy. I disagree. Neither intelligence nor lack of it could effect for anyone what happens to Forrest.

The miracles begin in childhood. Handicapped in body as well as mind, Forrest, his legs in braces, can't run from bullies. Urged on by his girlfriend, Jenny (she will become the love of his life), he runs away and—lo!—the braces fly off and little Forrest instantly turns into a champion sprinter. An American variant of magic realism? Maybe so, though there's a lot more magic here than realism. His talent lands him a football college scholarship and also saves his life in Vietnam where he outruns bullets and rescues half his platoon by speeding their wounded bodies to safety. Later, Forrest becomes a champion ping-pong player on a team that travels to a recently opened China, then a millionaire shrimper, then a fabled cross-country jogger with a cult following. He comes into brief contact with celebrities like Elvis Presley (he teaches the King how to hip swivel), JFK, John Lennon, and Nixon (Forrest innocently precipitates Watergate). His is a truly charmed life and, in fact, *Forrest Gump* might best be enjoyed as a sort of modern fairy tale with Forrest standing for the sort of Grimm hero who starts out despised but triumphs through pluck and the patronage of elves.

Trouble is, Forrest's story doesn't take place in a fairy tale world but in ours, and he lives through the events we lived through or witnessed on TV. No soldier was spared the bullets of the enemy because of the intervention of elves nor was anyone cut down because of some fatal lack of simplicity. *Forrest Gump*, at its best, is truly funny when we see our hero showing LBJ his wounded backside during a Medal of Honor ceremony or confessing to JFK that he has to take a leak. The computer wizardry that places Tom Hanks (playing Gump) into actual news footage is neat (though the dubbing is awful), and it's always fun to see the iconic figures of our time coaxed into buffoonery, as "Saturday Night Live" skits prove every weekend. But what's quite unfunny, perhaps even faintly obscene, is the use

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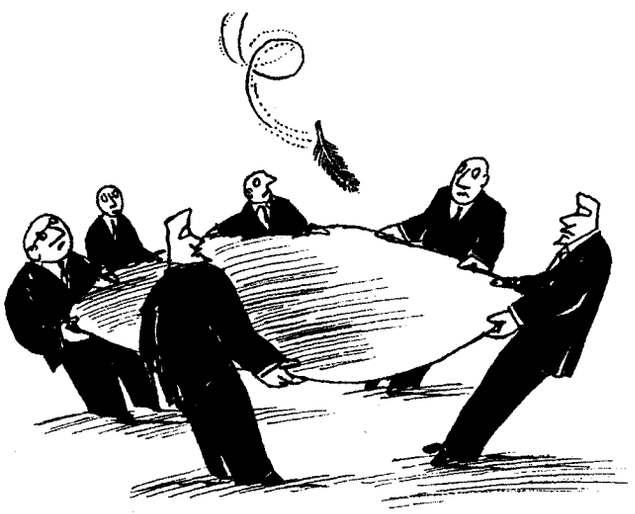
of the agonies of the civil rights movement and the Vietnam War to demonstrate the boundless luck of Forrest Gump. It is, of course, the prerogative of all artists to turn the reality of Life Out Here into the special reality inside a novel, play, or film. But does *Forrest Gump* transform recent history or merely use it for kicks?

Even if we take *Forrest Gump* as a fairy tale, Forrest doesn't wear the mantle of fairy tale hero very adroitly. Such heroes may start with luck but win through pluck. But nearly everything that benefits Forrest is done for him. "What's my destiny?" he asks his mother, and she replies, "You're going to have to figure that out for yourself." In point of fact, Forrest doesn't have to figure anything out. Athletic skills, survival in Vietnam, fame and fortune: all are divinely bestowed or produced by the good offices of others. Even his beautiful but feckless Jenny seeks Forrest out—*twice*! He never has to show the autonomy that a dramatic hero must have to be truly interesting.

Or is *Forrest Gump* not a fairy tale but a black comedy? Is it in fact telling us that in an utterly unjust world, only the simple-minded can continually luck out? Is the sequence in which a hurricane wipes out scores of presumably honest shrimpers so that our hero alone can flourish supposed to demonstrate this grim idea? But does any audience member really experience this plot twist as the joke of some prankster deity? Of course not. The unfortunate shrimpers are kept out of sight and therefore out of mind. We are meant only to rejoice at one more victory of Forrest's. This is no black comedy.

Perhaps Gump is meant to be taken as a human blank, à la Chauncey Gardiner of Jerzy Kosinsky's *Being There*, whose very blankness evokes the self-deceptions of those around him. This is certainly the way Forrest is used in the scene in which happenstance and an aggressive Abbie Hoffman-type coerce our hero into addressing an antiwar rally about what Vietnam meant to him. The cord on his microphone is immediately pulled by a Pentagon guard and the crowd only sees his lips move. But, having been assured by the Abbie Hoffmanesque that our hero has made a great antiwar speech, the crowd cheers. So Forrest is all things to all political persuasions, right? But, wait a minute. Forrest isn't a blank slate like Chauncey but a man with a very specific upbringing and very straightforward beliefs instilled in him by his mother. And, as staged, we can see that though the crowd couldn't hear Forrest, the rally leader certainly could. What does he hear that makes him mistake Gump's speech for protest (assuming there is a mistake)? In *Being There* we heard the simplicities of Chauncey Gardiner (Peter Sellers) and understood exactly how his literal statements about gardening could be taken as profound political metaphors by phony politicians and talk-show hosts. The satire of *Being There* was predicated on these mistakes. Zemeckis probably thought he was making his point economically by simply rendering his hero mute but, when he pulls the plug on Forrest, he also pulls the plug on any chance for real, *specific* satire.



So, if Forrest is neither a satisfactory fairy tale hero nor a figure of satire, what is he doing at the center of this fantastic yarn of the sixties and early seventies? I believe the answer to that lies in a little moment that occurs fairly early in the movie. When Forrest mentions the attempted assassination of George Wallace, one of his auditors at the bus stop replies that she remembers it and seems about to pursue the topic. Abruptly, Forrest shifts the subject to his love for Jenny. As far as he's concerned, George Wallace doesn't exist except as a dimly remembered "angry little man." And JFK was just a "young man," Elvis "a nice young man" with a guitar, John Lennon a "young man" on the Dick Cavett show, and Abbie Hoffman a person who used the F word a lot. Nixon is a person who got Forrest a nice hotel room (in the Watergate!). And so on. For the public world of politics, power, and celebrity doesn't exist for Forrest. His only objects in life are to make his mama proud of him and to be true to his eternal love, Jenny.

And that is why Forrest is the hero of this story. Not because he is mentally limited but because he is a completely ahistorical, apolitical, celebrity-blind man living through an epoch that is overwhelmingly political, historically self-conscious, and choked by celebrity worship. When he takes up ping-pong, his instructor informs him that the game isn't hard and that "all you have to do is keep your eye on the ball." Forrest's one spectacular talent is that he sees only what is in front of him and goes for it. He survives and triumphs in his epoch while being absolutely blind to its ethos, its heroes, or its significance.

And that is why Zemeckis and his collaborators shield their hero from bullets and from failure. By making this particular character the protagonist of a saga set in the sixties and seventies, and by presenting his life as a supreme success story, they show a lot of savvy, and very cynical savvy at that. After a quarter century of too many senate hearings, too many journalistic exposés, and too many sex scandals, the public has had enough of all the big guys who want our votes, our consent and, incredibly, our love. This isn't just a time of anti-heroism, that intellectual mainstay of the past half-century. No, we may be moving beyond that into a period of *anti-prominence*. If so, *Forrest Gump* will be both its harbinger and its standardbearer.

RICHARD ALLEVA

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Missing from the curriculum

THE SOUL OF THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITY
From Protestant Establishment to Established Nonbelief
George Marsden
Oxford University Press, $35, 462 pp.

Stanley Hauerwas

In her inaugural address as the president at Duke University, Nan Keohane confessed that it was only after she had agreed to become Duke's new president that she discovered Duke's motto is *Eruditio et Religio*. She observed that she was initially made uneasy by this since the motto has an archaic sound and "the emphasis on religion seemed hard to square with the restless yearning for discovery, the staunch and fearless commitment to seek for truth wherever truth may be found that is the hallmark of a great university."

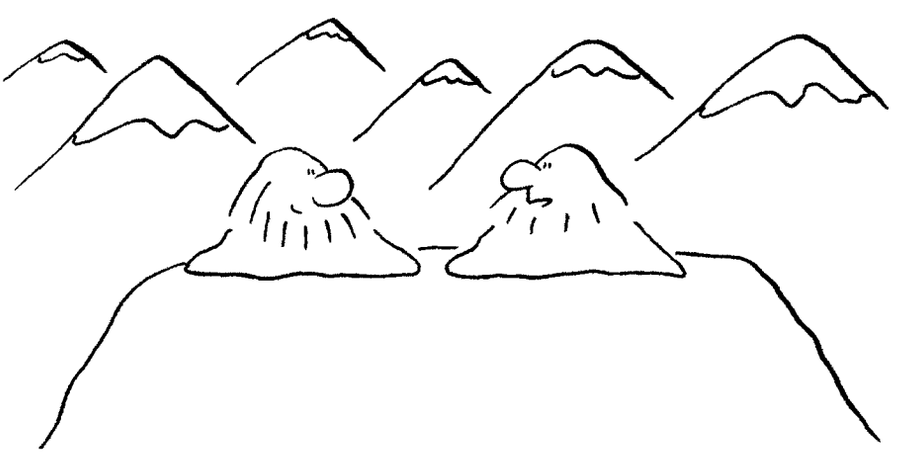
In this wonderful new book on the relationship between Protestantism and the American university, George Marsden helps us understand how universities founded by the Protestant establishment now inaugurate presidents that are a bit embarrassed by the past platitudes that marked the relationship between Protestantism and the American university. According to Marsden, Protestantism created the American university and then was devoured by its own creation. This was not the result of a secular conspiracy but rather came from the internal characteristics of American Protestantism. Of course there were some ardent secularists who wished to distance the university from its Protestant roots, but the disestablishment of Protestantism came largely as an unintended consequence of decisions that in their day seemed reasonable and laudable.

The loss of any significant Christian presence in universities was ironically the result of the Protestant project to create a Protestant America. As long as America could be assumed to be culturally Protestant such a project seemed coherent. However, with the increasing diversity of American culture, the Protestant "universalism" necessary to respond as well as to maintain a hegemony over such diversity, became the ideology that undermined any particular expression of strong Christian convictions. The very logic of the nonsectarian ideal which the Protestant establishment promoted for public life finally dictated that liberal Protestantism itself should be moved to the periphery along with other religious perspectives such as Catholicism.

The story of the disestablishment of Protestantism is as complex as the story of America itself. I can only admire Marsden's ambition and courage to undertake such a grand narrative. Obviously, Marsden will be critiqued for his interpretation of what happened at Harvard in this or that century or what he has left out of the story. Yet he tells the story with such winsome good humor, good sense, and with the lively style that we have come to expect from him that such criticism can only appear minor given the extraordinary nature of this book.

Marsden begins with the founding of Harvard College in the seventeenth century, and the rest of the story is largely confined to the East Coast with occasional glances toward California and the great state universities of the Midwest. He knows he cannot encompass the stories of the Protestant liberal arts colleges and/or state universities, but his decision to so restrict his narrative is justified by his argument that those universities, through the graduate education they provided, determined the narratives of so many other institutions.

Seventeenth-century Harvard inherited all the tensions of Christian higher learning in Europe. Embodying the medieval ideal of a unified Christendom, American Puritans reproduced the inevitable tension that is built into the assumption that the church and the civil state can have common interest. Such a presumption was exemplified by "the new moral science" borrowed from the Scottish common sense



"You are? I had no idea that Methodists went in for this sort of thing."

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moralists that became the content of the capstone course taught to all undergraduates. A rationally based universal ethic thus became the means to create a Christian civilization. The potential conflict between the Christian particularisms presumed in the great eighteenth-century revivals so influential at Yale and Princeton and the universalism of the Enlightenment ideals never materialized. Rather, they were seen as complementary elements for the task of creating a Christian civilization.

With the development of seminaries for ministry training, a division of labor was established that freed colleges from being ecclesiastical institutions. The university was at once a denominational and public institution for the education of a Christian citizenry. Harvard, after all, was created by the civil government.

The heart of Marsden's story comes in part 2 which concerns the transformation of the Protestant college into the modern research university. There were two primary visions for reform of American education: one represented by Francis Wayland of Brown and the other by Henry Tappan, who served as chancellor of the University of Michigan from 1852-63. Wayland sought to redirect the university toward a more vital social role in an American society increasingly determined by market considerations. Tappan represented the opening of the church-founded universities to the Enlightenment sciences represented by Germany. Deeply influenced by his own education in Prussia, Tappan began the long road toward the professionalization of academic life into disciplinary subjects. American pragmatism and responsiveness to market considerations blended with the new science's alleged objectivity to produce the university as we now know it.

Daniel Coit Gilman's Johns Hopkins became the norm for all higher education. The work of building such institutions was assumed to be Christian since it was presumed that the best hopes of America were equivalent to what it meant to be a Christian. Marsden notes that Gilman, as well as his counterparts in business, the professions, science, and technology, did not see the professionalization of the university as a threat to Christianity since they thought the new "methodological secularization" drew its inspiration from the Christian attempt to uplift humanity. Gilman assumed "science" simply was the expression of Christianity since the aim of science was progress in the development of mankind.

In part 3 Marsden helps us see how these developments led to the loss of any explicit religious considerations in the modern university. Universities now no longer served American denominations but provided technical expertise for a capitalist society. In an extremely illuminating chapter on the development of the "elusive idea of academic freedom," Marsden helps us see how the university became an even more faithful servant to the state than to the church. William Jennings Bryan, during the Scopes trial, rightly argued that if Christianity was no longer going to provide direction for the university, it was by no means clear what philosophy would replace it.

Marsden explores such questions in the last chapters of the book, wonderfully titled "A Church with the Soul of a Nation" and "Liberal Protestantism without Protestantism." In effect, he helps us see that Protestantism had in fact created a nation while in the universities it had become unintelligible to itself. Marsden calls this the "catch-22" of liberal Protestantism—that is, the more Protestantism identified itself with a social mission of forming an ethos for America the less it could be explicitly Christian.

Running through Marsden's story is his commentary on how Catholicism remained the great "other" in this Protestant project. Lyman Beecher of Yale, in his 1835 tract, *Plea for the West*, justified the mission of the Christian college to spread Protestant Christianity into the untamed wilds of the West as necessary to prevent Catholic domination through immigration. Disclaiming any intention to discriminate against Catholics, Beecher welcomed them if they just acted like any other American denomination. "Let the Catholics mingle with us as Americans and come with their children under the fell action of our common schools and republican institutions, and we are prepared cheerfully to abide the consequences," he wrote. Yet as Marsden notes, this Protestant hegemonic discourse at least left Catholics with a resource that Protestants lacked—i.e. universities with substantial religious identities. Of course, there is every indication that Catholic universities are now trying as fast as they can to be "just like us."

I have only one substantial question to raise about Marsden's account. Marsden rightly helps us appreciate the role that "methodological secularization" played in the professionalized disciplines that now constitute the modern university. Yet does not his book betray the same kind of methodological secularization? For example, nowhere does Marsden suggest that the story he tells may in fact be God's judgment against the godlessness of America or the vapid character of Protestantism. In the introduction he tells us that when he taught at Calvin College he saw how important beliefs about God, God's creation, and God's will could be for scholarship not just in theology but in other dimensions of human thought and relationships. Yet other than his avowal that he is a Christian, I find it hard to discover anything in this book that would not make Marsden a well-regarded academic historian. He accepts the presupposition and practices of secular historiography.

I suspect Marsden feels some sympathy with such criticism. For what his book helps us see is that the challenge before Christians today is not whether a Christian university is possible, but whether the kind of knowledge and practices that characterize such a university would be an alternative to what is taught in non-Christian universities. Marsden ends his book with a call for institutional variety among universities like that suggested by Alasdair MacIntyre in the last chapter of *Three Rival Versions of Moral Inquiry*. That is surely a good place to begin, but the question remains whether Christian universities could produce a historiography in which God appears as something more than a God-belief by some people—that is, a god of the gaps. In short, the problem with *Eruditio et Religio* is the *et*. If the Christian university is to have anything interesting to say, it will do so because the knowledges that are shaped by its practices help us see that God matters. □

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THE SECOND COMING OF RELIGION

PUBLIC RELIGIONS IN THE MODERN WORLD
Jose Casanova
University of Chicago Press, $49.95, 320 pp.

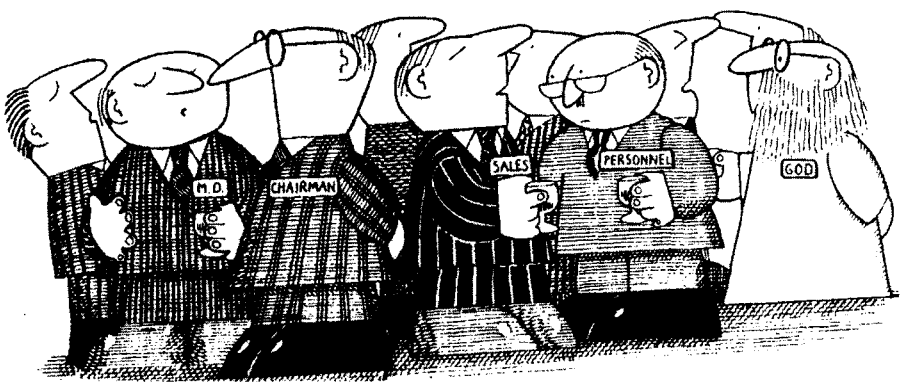
John A. Coleman

Perhaps only once in a decade is a book published in the sociology of religion that brings about a fundamental rejection or revision of revered theoretical paradigms. Thomas Luckmann's *The Invisible Religion* did that in the 1960s by rejecting Emile Durkheim's thesis that all societies would manifest a national public religious dimension. In the 1970s Robert Bellah's *Beyond Belief* used an alternative hermeneutical approach to introduce the power of "symbolic realism" to challenge the positivistic presuppositions of sociology. Robert Wuthnow's *The Restructuring of American Religion* was the paradigm reshaper of the 1980s. Wuthnow claimed that America was ceasing to be a society whose religious forms were mainly shaped by denominationalism.

Casanova's study is likely to be the paradigm iconoclast of the '90s. An associate professor of sociology at the New School of Social Research, Casanova wants to explain the worldwide emergence of new forms of public religion since the 1970s. Such a revitalization of religion was not what the widely accepted secularization thesis in sociology would, or even could, have predicted.

Perhaps professional face can be saved, as Casanova notes, by explaining the new visibility of Islam, Roman Catholicism, and Evangelical Christianity using "utilitarian secularist explanations which reduce the phenomenon either to an instrumental mobilization of religious resources for nonreligious purposes or to an instrumental adaptation of religious institutions to the new secular environment." But the first theory makes the new forms of public religion a very dependent (perhaps manipulated) variable. The second theory sees the forms as a kind of way-station adjustment to secularism. In any event, in most sociological accounts, the continuing vitality of public religion in modernity remains, still, an irrational outbreak of the premodern.

Casanova sets out to dispute this standard account by turning to two different theoretical enterprises. He criticizes secularization theory for relegating religious commitment or faith to the realm of pure myth. Moreover, he shows that the entire modern sociological enterprise depends on some version of this flawed secularization thesis. He argues that the traditional secularization paradigm conflates three quite different, and independent, theories: (1) sec-



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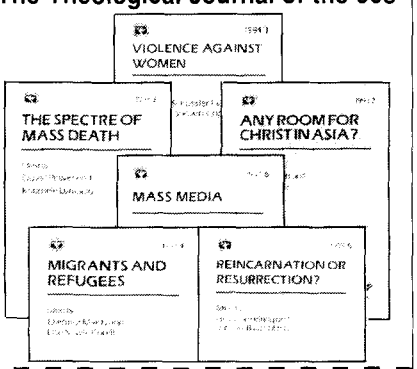

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ular modernity causes a religious decline (unproven as a master trend); (2) secular modernity involves a radical differentiation of societal spheres in which religion ceases to define the all-encompassing reality within which the secular realm finds its proper place. Casanova notes that, with modernity, "the secular sphere will be the all-encompassing reality to which the religious sphere will have to adapt... the religious sphere now becomes a less central sphere within the new secular realm"; (3) secular modernity necessarily entails the privatization of religion.

Only the second theory is unambiguously valid. The other two are empirical possibilities but, in no sense, inevitable. Modernity derives from four different sources: the Reformation, the formation of the modern state, the rise of secular science, and capitalism. Consequently, we should expect different historical patterns of secularization to be evident in Protestant and Catholic nations and to be dependent on differing patterns of modern state formation, for example, in France, England, Germany, and the United States.

Casanova's second theoretical enterprise is the more innovative and daring. Appealing to the democratic discourse theory of the German philosopher Jürgen Habermas, as well as to earlier critiques of the Enlightenment, Casanova makes a stunning claim. "After all the beatings it has received from modernity," he writes, religion "could somehow unintentionally help modernity save itself."

That would prove a profound irony, to say the least.

But according to Casanova, public religion furthers the project of modernity in three ways: (1) When religion enters the public sphere to protect not only its own freedoms but all modern freedoms and rights and especially the right of a democratic civil society to exist against an absolutist, authoritarian state; (2) when religion enters the public sphere to question the absolute autonomy of the secular spheres and their claims to be free from any extraneous ethical or moral considerations; and (3) when religion enters the public sphere to protect traditional social patterns and loyalties from administrative or juridical state penetration. In doing all three of these things, religion brings the issue of normative values into the public realm for the self-reflection of modern discursive ethics.

Casanova anchors his theoretical claims about public religion in five case studies: Catholicism in modern Spain, Brazil, and Poland, and Catholicism and Evangelical Protestantism in the United States. He demonstrates how after Vatican II, Catholicism, the paradigmatic form of antimodern public religion, "refuse[d] to become a private religion. It wants to be both modern and public." On the other hand, the fundamentalist style of the Religious Right exemplifies the more common perception that public religion is incompatible with modernity and cannot contribute to open discourse.

This is a remarkable book, one certain to change and shape sociological thinking and research. By grounding theory in a dynamic and changing Catholicism, *Public Religions* reverses the Protestant-centered biases of the modern sociology of religion. It challenges the popular belief that the privatization of modern religion is the only form consistent with modernity. And in a more academic vein, it locks horns with Habermas's systematic theoretical blindness toward religion. Casanova contends that the religious defense of "normative traditions constitute the very condition of possibility for ethical discourse...without normative traditions neither rational public debate nor discourse is likely to take place. It seems self-evident that religious normative traditions should have the same rights as any other normative tradition to enter the public sphere as long as they play by the rules of open public debate."

Finally, as in the classic sociological paradigms of Weber, Durkheim, and Simmel, Casanova's study is as much about the status and discontents of modern society as it is about religion. □

ENDLESS TROUBLES

THE END OF THE HUNT
Thomas Flanagan
Dutton, $24.95, 627 pp.

Daniel M. Murtaugh

Near the beginning of Thomas Flanagan's *The End of the Hunt*, a novel of the Irish Troubles of 1919-1922, there is a brilliantly constructed scene in which the principal female character, Janice Nugent, witnesses the summary execution of a British collaborator by the IRA. It is brilliant in its management of perspective, of what is seen at a distance and up close, of pieces of visual information seen at first as fragmentary and random until they cohere in a climax of horror.

A train bound westward from Dublin to Galway carries Janice Nugent in first class and, in second class, a nondescript man in a gray suit attended by a squad of the Royal Irish Constabulary or RIC. During a stop in a small town, a "flying column" of Republicans manages to disarm the RIC and capture the man they were guarding. In short order, the Republicans' commanding officer shoots the man dead before Janice Nugent's eyes, and, as they flee, she impulsively runs out to kneel over his corpse, with its gray suit still pressed and neat under a head and neck reduced to bloody pulp. As she learns later, the dead man was an expert bank examiner named Bowers brought in by the British to trace and confiscate the Republicans' illegal funds.

The scene is tightly restricted to Janice Nugent's point of view, and it begins to unfold in the horrified expression of the conductor as he looks over her shoulder out of the first-class carriage window to the approaching gunmen. That window serves as the frame for what follows. Janice turns and sees the gunmen cross from right to left, followed by a young farm boy who turns out to be their commander.

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The frame of the window is violated when this leader sees the conductor's hand moving to an overhead alarm cord and abruptly steps into the carriage and orders him to stop. The permeability of the little proscenium arch of the carriage door, the gunman's good manners as he apologizes to Janice for the disturbance caused by this "military action," and the humanizing, concrete detail of his wiping his mouth with the back of his hand convey with wonderful narrative economy the fact that she, and we, are implicated in the scene that we witness. When the gunman shoots his prisoner, outside once again and framed by the window, it is Janice who violates its boundary as she screams and runs to kneel by the fallen Bowers, looking closely and forcing us to look at the consequences of the two gun shots that killed him.

And then we move far back from the scene to a perspective that includes the future of Janice's love affair with Christopher Blake, a propagandist for the Republican movement to whom she told the story of this day, and the future of the Troubles that were ushered in by this and similar raids throughout Ireland. The individual event is resolved into the context of a tragic history in a way that feels just right, morally and aesthetically. Yes, we say to ourselves—and can almost imagine the author saying as he wrote it—that is what this random-seeming, jerky, violent action finally *meant*.

But here is a temptation, and the frequency with which Flanagan succumbs to it is the basis of my main complaint against this well-written and largely conceived novel. The resolution of the individual act into the significant form of history is just too easy. It is like playing a subdominant chord followed by the tonic chord on the piano. Those of us who cannot play the piano know how bewitching and false the sense can be that we have made a significant musical statement when we complete this elementary sequence. Or, to use a more relevant analogy, consider how the visual experience of driving is reformulated—and formalized—by the rear view mirror.

Too often Flanagan has recourse to history as an organizing principle, to the fact that the events that rise to meet us can also be *recalled* as past and, simply because of that, as part of a significant order. Too often we are told that years later X would recall these words (or events) and would realize etc., etc. When Robert Frost considered his choice between two roads, he promised himself that he would tell "with a sigh, Somewhere ages and ages hence," that his choice had made "all the difference." Like Flanagan, Frost says that passing time confers meaning, but, unlike Flanagan, he pokes fun at himself for doing so because that meaning may be spurious.

The practical consequence of this is that too often Flanagan's book becomes a chore to read. It becomes hard to separate one anecdote or character from another because they are held together only by that easy appeal to history. This is a shame because there is so much that is vivid and memorable and morally deep in the novel. The blend of historical characters (Michael Collins, Cathal Brugha, Eamon De Valera, Winston Churchill, and Lloyd George) with fictional characters is very effective. But with the exception

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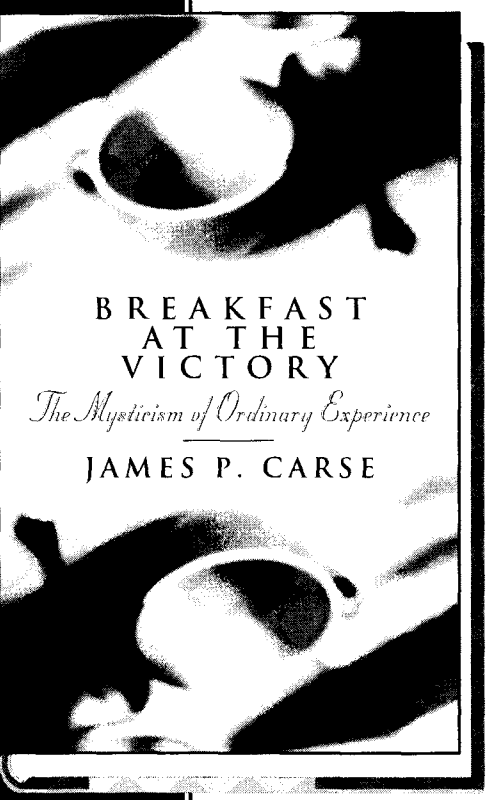

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of Janice Nugent, the fictional characters do not always emerge as forcefully from the page.

I know a man whose potentially romantic connection to a young Irish woman was abruptly terminated when he confessed to an admiration for Churchill. Read this novel and you will see why.

In particular the novel's use of violence is morally judicious. Like Janice Nugent bending over the dead bank examiner, we must look at the sickening mess left by the Republican gunman and deny the glamour lent to him by patriotic balladeers. Two striking instances of this are the story of "Bloody Sunday" when the Irish revolutionaries wiped out a British spy ring in Dublin, and the account of the last, exhausted, meaningless rounds of the civil war between the Republicans and the Free State government in 1922.

Finally, there is an authoritative saltiness of dialogue and a sharpness of scenic atmosphere throughout that make episodes stand out in the reader's memory. One that comes to mind is the desperate conference between the Irish delegates to the Anglo-Irish peace negotiations in which the course for civil war was set with a deadline passed and the blackness of the London midnight pushing in on them through the windows of No. 10 Downing Street. This goes a long way to make up for the structural flaw that keeps these episodes from cohering into a finally satisfying whole. □

FUSING FAITH & RHETORIC

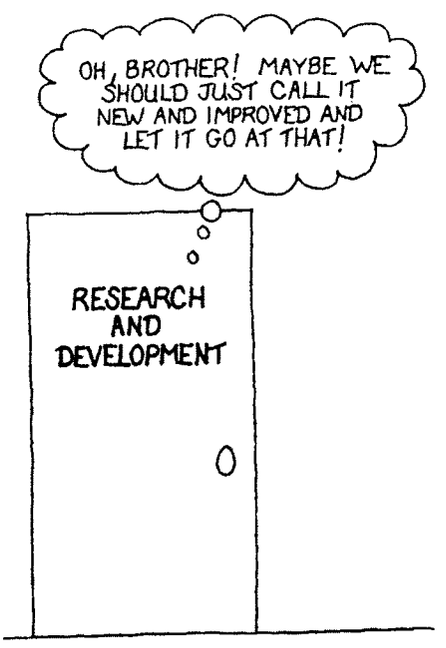
COMMUNICATION AND LONERGAN
Common Ground for Forging the New Age
Thomas J. Farrell and Paul A. Soukup, eds.
Sheed and Ward, $22.95, 377 pp.

Terry J. Tekippe

This book confronts a situation well known within the Lonergan movement: On the one hand, the brilliant contributions to twentieth-century thought of the late Jesuit philosopher Bernard Lonergan could ground "the new age envisioned in the Christian Scriptures." On the other hand, the richness of that thought is almost totally unknown outside a small circle of theologians and philosophers. The question: How can the import of Lonergan's fundamental work be communicated to a sometimes hostile, but more often indifferent, world? The answer this volume offers is: by focusing on "communication."

By choosing communications, or rhetoric, as a theme, the editors hope to offer a fresh approach to Lonergan's work, and at the same time make a contribution to the newfound interest in rhetoric. The volume is dedicated to Walter Ong, who initiated the two editors into their own interest in rhetoric.

Given the protean nature of Lonergan's work, it is not difficult to show its significance to communication and rhetoric. Unlike all other studies, rhetoric, or the study of speaking and writing, Thomas Farrell points out, concentrates not on content, but on process. Lonergan exhibits the same priority of process over content. "Thoroughly understand what it is to understand," Lonergan wrote, "and not only will you understand the broad lines of all there is to be understood but also you will possess a fixed base, an invariant pattern, opening upon all further developments of understanding."



In this volume, John Campbell "situates Lonergan's thought in the context of rhetorical theory." Farrell shows that a writer, in a Lonerganian mode, must appropriate his own intellectual processes. Carla Mae Streeter applies Lonergan to preaching—another form of persuasive rhetoric. Frederick Crowe surveys Lonergan's contributions on "communications," from the inter-Trinitarian life to transcultural situations. Geoffrey Williams "argues that any act of communication is a manifestation of literary history"; in a sense, then, we are all "literary historians." In the last analysis, any rhetorical expression attempts to convey a meaning; and the heart of Lonergan's project is precisely "the meaning of meaning."

A Foreword by Robert Doran identifies the "common ground" Lonergan provides for a contemporary communication. Farrell and Paul Soukup introduce Lonergan's work and the study in the Preface. Farrell, Crowe, Hugo Meynell, and Frederick Lawrence each contributes two essays, while John Campbell, Streeter, William Rehg, Williams, Francisco Sierra-Gutierrez, and J. J. Mueller have a single entry. A glossary, an extensive annotated bibliography, and an index complete the volume.

In many ways this is a splendid piece of work, a model of how this kind of broadening communication should be attempted. It also has the limitations almost endemic to this sort of collection: the pieces don't always mesh. Most articles make fresh attempts to communicate briefly the gist of Lonergan's work, which seems at once repetitious, and yet probably too elliptical to help those not already familiar with the language.

To return to the initial problem, Loner-

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gan offers an answer in his dialectic. The world the authors would communicate with is especially the world of the academy. But that world, represented in the late-Enlightenment university, is one in which God has largely disappeared. Lonergan, however, is a Catholic theologian. Hence there is a gap between religious conversion and the academy's secular biases. What is interesting to observe is how the authors attempt to bridge that gap.

One strategy is simply to call for conversion. Lawrence comes closest to this. "My own sense is that conversion and repentance are crucial to the process of learning Lonergan's foundational language precisely because the languages of liberalism and nihilism are so dominant in our culture."

A second strategy is to focus on what believers and nonbelievers have in common. As Catholics used to appeal to natural law, so Mueller, like Doran, points to a "metaphysical" human capacity for understanding. Another approach is to express the Christian viewpoint in other languages. Farrell outdoes himself here, relating the Lonergan insights in the language of Eric Voegelin, Plato, and contemporary psychologists like Robert Moore and Douglas Gillette, Jung, and Thomas Patrick Malone and Patrick Thomas Malone, a father-son team. Lawrence makes a particularly notable effort to enter into the preoccupations of deconstructionists and postmodernists.

A more radical possibility would be to adopt the program of the world, and express it in Christian terms. If, as Lonergan says, theology mediates between a religion and a culture, then there is something here for everyone: the culture will recognize its program, and religion will recognize its language.

The last two essays, by Sierra-Gutierrez and Mueller, basing themselves on Doran's work, verge in this direction. The program is to create a new world culture. That is not far from the original Enlightenment project: having put aside sectarian disputes, to create a kingdom of reason. But the language will be religious: the symbols of the Incarnation, Death, and Resurrection of Jesus Christ.

"The project of building the future cannot be done within the ecclesial communion itself, but must be done openly within the entire human community of cultures and religions," Mueller writes. Though Mueller affirms that only God can save, there still seems to be something slightly Pelagian here. It also may be noted that Jesus already envisioned a worldwide strategy. "I have other sheep that do not belong to this fold. I must lead them, too, and they shall hear my voice. There shall be one flock then, one shepherd" (John 10:16). Again, "Full authority has been given to me both in heaven and on earth; go, therefore, and make disciples of all the nations" (Matt. 28:18).

Of course, the new situation of the "global village" does require fresh thinking and tactics; but the church has always aimed at a world mission, and has almost two millennia of experience in communicating with other cultures. In Mueller's formulation, however, the church seems to recede into the background. "At the same time, theology has recognized that it cannot concern itself exclusively with ecclesial problems." Where theologians once served the church, they have increasingly become "free agents," burdened with the responsibility of devising a strategy to save the world. "Theology has a wider, inclusive responsibility for cultural problems as a new challenge," according to Mueller.

This volume may be highly recommended to all deconstructionists and postmodern thinkers. More realistically, however, it will probably appeal mostly to those already interested in Lonergan's thought or, perhaps in lesser degree, to those following recent developments in rhetoric.

The above comments are offered more as observations than criticism. The problem is pressing, the gap is huge; all kinds of strategies of communication need to be tried. Would that every attempt were as polished and authoritative as this. In the end, no one can well stand outside and criticize: for the attempt of the Lonergan movement to communicate with the academy is but a subset of the problem every believing Christian faces today in communicating with a sometimes hostile, but more often indifferent, culture. □

IDEAS MADE THE HOLOCAUST

THE HOLOCAUST IN HISTORICAL CONTEXT, VOLUME I
The Holocaust and Mass Death before the Modern Age
Steven T. Katz
Oxford University Press, $49.95, 702 pp.

Jack Fischel

One of the sadder spectacles of our time is the growth of a victimization industry. Beginning with the initial discussions to build a Holocaust Memorial Museum in Washington, D.C., groups representing the victims of Nazi conquest demanded that they be included in any memorial. Even the meaning of the word Holocaust which, after the opening of the death camps was synonymous with the murder of European Jewry, was redefined to mean the murder of 6 million Jews and 10 million others.

The trivialization of the term Holocaust has reached a point where many scholars have begun to eschew the word and substituted the Hebrew *Shoah* in an effort to protect the history of the European Jews who were murdered by the Nazis. It would appear that one objective of Katz's superb first of a projected three-volume work is to set the historical record straight by not only examining in what ways the *Shoah* was unique but also to provide direction so that reasonable people can distinguish between the historic *Novum* known as the Holocaust and other historic examples of mass murder.

From its opening pages Katz, who is professor of Jewish history and thought at Cornell University, makes it clear that the

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unprecedented nature of the Holocaust derived from Hitler's intention to rid the planet of its Jewish population. It was Hitler's determination to murder every Jewish man, woman, and child simply because of the accident of their birth that gives the Holocaust its unique meaning. Katz makes it clear through his historical survey of state-sponsored mass murder that the Nazi policy to immolate world Jewry had no precedent in history. Actually, much of Katz's meticulously researched book focuses on the causes and objectives of mass murder from ancient times to the present and concludes that in none of these historic examples was there the intention on the part of the perpetrators to systematically engage in genocide or, as Katz defines the term, to intend to physically destroy an entire group of people. As a consequence of the European colonization of the New World Native Americans died in larger numbers than did the Jews during the *Shoah,* but it was never the intention of the Spanish, Portuguese, or English to engage in a policy of genocide against the native population. In fact, Katz shows that most Indians died of disease and not as victims of premeditated violence.

Hitler, according to Katz, was obsessed with racial views that pitted the Aryan race against the Jews whom he viewed as a parasite people that fed on the lifeblood of Germany. Katz makes the important observation that Hitler's belief in the Aryan myth and the struggle for world domination between Aryans and Jews was different from the Christian myth that fixed the Jews among the minions of the devil and the Antichrist. He makes the significant distinction between Christian anti-*judentum* and Nazi anti-Semitism when he observes that in medieval Christian Europe, Jews always had the possibility of redemption through conversion. Living in the Third Reich, Jews had no choices and therefore no escape. In one of his valuable insights, Katz makes the observation that the Nazi policy toward Jews was, therefore, not a continuation of medieval Christian practices but rather the revolutionary overthrow of Christian dogma toward Jews. The Nazi credo was to murder Jews whereas the medieval church sought not only to persecute and proselytize among Jews but also to protect them from the hatred of the Christian masses. In this sense, the real failure of the Catholic church during the Holocaust was to abdicate its historic role of openly protecting Jews from those who would commit violence against them.

Having made the argument that Nazi ideology toward the Jews was not a direct result of centuries of the Christian teaching of contempt, Katz nevertheless contends that both Catholic and Protestant churches bear responsibility for creating the environment that allowed for the stereotyping of the Jew. The Christian churches did create the "mythic" Jew who inhabited the mindset of all areas of Christian life and culture. From Christ-killer to Antichrist to the Wandering Jew, the Jew became depersonalized and emerged as the hated mythic "Other." What the Nazis did, according to Katz, was to appropriate the millennial old imagery of the Jew for their own murderous purposes. In short, the Nazis eschewed the Christian belief in the ultimate redemption of the Jews for the terminal end known as the Final Solution.

If Katz rejects the view that Christian anti-Jewish rhetoric is "Hitler by anticipation," he also argues against the view that the Holocaust was possible as a consequence of traditional anti-Semitism, technology, and the refinements of modern bureaucracy. Katz agrees that all three were necessary in bringing about the Holocaust, but what was absolutely essential was the determinative ideology of the Nazis, the ideological superstructure that created and governed the machinery of the Nazi state. As Katz puts it, "Neither technocratic rationality nor bureaucratic modalities per se create Auschwitzes! Ideas do."

From the passage of the Nuremberg Laws to the construction of the death camps, each step was an expression of an innovative and genocidal dogma. From the start, Hitler viewed the Jew as anti-Man and was determined to destroy him. In this regard, Katz would agree that World War II was essentially two wars: one, the traditional type of war that Europe had been fighting for centuries only updated with the latest in technology; and the other, a war against the Jews. Katz makes a convincing case that Hitler was determined to win the war against the latter even if it meant being defeated by the Allies.

Stephen Katz has written a compelling and remarkable book that will dazzle the reader with the breadth of his scholarship. Without diminishing the historic suffering of groups such as the Armenians and the victims of Stalin's purges, Katz makes it quite clear why the Holocaust in its historical perspective was an unprecedented event in history. Yet there are historians, such as Ernst Nolte, who would relativize the barbarism of Nazi Germany and argue that the Nazis were no worse than the Soviets or that Hitler's genocidal mentality was learned from observing the tactics of Stalin during the purges. Katz's work is a necessary corrective to that view. To negate the uniqueness of the Holocaust is to invite its repetition. The murderous legacy of Nazi Germany has obviously not been absorbed as we witness a resurgence of fascism and neo-Nazism throughout Europe, and an indifference to "ethnic cleansing" in Bosnia.

Katz has performed a valuable service in focusing on the significance of intentionality in understanding what discerns one state-sponsored act of violence from another. Not all historic acts of violence are holocausts and most have limited objectives. The Holocaust is unique because it was different—because it is the only instance in history where an entire people were marked for extinction. By making this point, Katz has reclaimed the moral high ground in future discussions of the Holocaust. For this we should be grateful and look forward to the publication of the next two volumes. □

REVIEWERS

STANLEY HAUERWAS *is professor of theological ethics at the Divinity School of Duke University.*

JOHN A. COLEMAN, S.J. *is professor of religion and society at the Jesuit School of Theology in Berkeley.*

DANIEL M. MURTAUGH *is a director of the Commonweal Foundation and assistant treasurer of W.R. Grace & Co.*

REV. TERRY J. TEKIPPE *teaches at Notre Dame Seminary in New Orleans, Louisiana.*

JACK FISCHEL *teaches history at Millersville University in Pennsylvania.*

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Reasons for hope

Lawrence S. Cunningham

I am not quite sure how to characterize Friedlander's book. It is, in one sense, a broad-brushed survey of reactions to the Nazi extermination campaign against the Jews and, at the same time, a kind of *terminus a quo* for those who wish to honor the fact of that terrible event and yet not be paralyzed by it. He captures that latter purpose in his title; the riders are those who emerge from darkness and gallop toward a dawn of some possible hope.

The broad survey I mentioned above is by far the most satisfactory part of the book. Friedlander gives us a fair account of the whole spectrum of Jewish theological opinion about the meaning of the *Shoah* as well as a survey of the *halakic* responses of the rabbis who have been called upon to interpret the Law in its shadow. To the overview of the theologians, he adds a generous history of literary attempts to articulate what the camps were like (Elie Wiesel, Primo Levi, Schwartz-Bart, etc.) or poetic attempts to capture its horror (Celan, Sachs, etc.) or reflections on how culture is shaped by that experience (George Steiner, Levinas, etc.). In addition—this is a panoramic work—Friedlander provides snapshots of various countries and their connection to the *Shoah*, ranging from the naive Sabra machismo of Israelis (how could they have walked so passively to the ovens?) to the reluctant Italian partners of those who pressed for the Final Solution.

Riders to the Dawn: From Holocaust to Hope, *by Albert K. Friedlander, Continuum, $24.95, 328 pp.*

In the last part of the book, Friedlander argues that we should seek a "dawn rider" (or more than one) in order to live toward the future with some sense of trust or hope. Friedlander chooses Elie Wiesel, George Steiner, and the late Leo Baeck. His book is meant for a wide audience; he is eminently fair to the "dawn riders" who are Christians (his favorite Christian writer seems to be the German theologian Dorothy Soelle, although he writes sympathetically of a whole range of Christian thinkers). His harshest criticisms are directed toward those of his coreligionists who have so bound themselves to orthodoxy (Friedlander is a Reform rabbi) that they effectively excommunicate those who do not stand within the tradition of the *Heradim*. That view explains his broad sympathy for a dialogically open Orthodox thinker like Michael Wyschogrod.

I have learned so much from this book that I must make one pointed criticism of it because it held me back from learning even more: Friedlander's notes are sparse to the point of unhelpfulness. Why could he not have helped us by telling us what writings of Nelly Sachs or Paul Celan or Dan Pagis (a stunning Israeli poet who was new to me) were available? Or, at least, provide us with the sources of his direct quotations? Why not a bibliography for further reading?

Ewert Cousins deserves high praise for one of the best ideas in recent religious publishing. With his collaborator, Richard Payne, Cousins developed the series "The Classics of Western Spirituality," which

LAWRENCE S. CUNNINGHAM *is professor of theology and chair of the department at the University of Notre Dame.*

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has been one of the most useful set of texts for the study of spirituality available in English. He went beyond that project (which still flourishes) to found the *World Spirituality* encyclopedia, which is still in progress.

Cousins is not just a producer of the series. He has a vision of religious experience which serves as the foundation for both projects. Recasting some of his earlier essays, he lays out that foundational paradigm in this book. Briefly, Cousins's vision is that the first axial period, as outlined by Karl Jaspers, is now giving way to a second. The first axial period, emerging roughly in the six centuries before the time of Christ, moved human consciousness toward the self and to metaphysics. The great achievements of the Greeks, the Hebrew prophets, Confucius, the Buddha, and the writers of the Upanishads all moved toward this goal.

Christ of the 21st Century, *by Ewert H. Cousins, Element Books, $14.95, 206 pp.*

We are now, Cousins thinks, on the cusp of the second axial period, a time not just of individuated consciousness but of cosmic consciousness and a corresponding convergence of spiritual striving characterized by a unity in diversity. If this all sounds somewhat familiar it is probably because Cousins has been a longtime sympathetic reader and exegete of the late Teilhard de Chardin. Because of this broad process understanding of the future, it should not surprise us that Cousins has devoted a good deal of his energies to reading those theologians in the Christian tradition who have a penchant for mysticism, especially the ecstatic theology of the Franciscan tradition, on which he is an acknowledged authority. And, again not surprisingly, he has devoted much of his life to interreligious dialogue, especially with non-Christian thinkers from the Hindu tradition, utilizing a strategy called by my colleague, John Dunne, "crossing over"—i.e., a sympathetic entry into the world of the other in order to return home enriched spiritually.

I read Cousins's book with much sympathy because he is an excellent reader of texts and a person who writes in new and compelling ways about the Trinity and Christology. He finds much nourishment in a thinker like Raimundo Pannikar whom he sees as the very model of what theologians ought to be doing. His reflections on people like Bernard of Clairvaux, Eckhart, Bonaventure, and Francis compelled me to bring his volume to class to read to my undergraduates currently struggling with these difficult but powerful persons.

Cousins and I meet on occasion. The next time we are together I will ask him some questions. How does history fit into all this since the Incarnation is an event in human history? (I find it significant that he spends very little time on the Hebraic tradition.) What about the reality of sin in the world?—a topic that bedevils every Teilhardian. Is the book too Jungian (not one of my favorite people)? What does he think of the liberation theologians whose focus is not on the cosmos but on the *hic et nunc*, etc.? Those questions are not antagonistic, merely provoked by a stimulating book. What higher compliment can one pay a work?

When Sister Gemma Shea died at the age of ninety-eight in 1993, she was the last woman who belonged to the original band of religious sisters founded in 1912 to work with the Maryknoll Fathers/Brothers in the foreign missions. The story of these valiant women is told with obvious sympathy and unstinting admiration by the late Penny Lernoux who, herself, found her way back to the church through the witness of missionaries.

The Maryknoll foundress, Mother Mary Joseph (born Mollie Rogers), was an energetic Smith graduate who shaped and guided her fledgling community from an ancillary group whose members basically worked as servant/secretaries for the Maryknoll priests into an order that sent women, first to China, and then to missions around the world. The rigor of their lives, living in alien cultures, their sense of purpose and sacrifice, and the assumptions they brought to the missions are told in great detail. Especially moving is the chronicle of those years when the missioners were imprisoned or interned in the Far East after the outbreak of the Second World War.

Hearts on Fire: The Story of the Maryknoll Sisters, *by Penny Lernoux, Orbis, $22.95, 294 pp.*

In the period after the war, the congregation boomed (I counted over a hundred faces in the postulant class picture from the late 1950s) in number and variety of apostolates. Lernoux is especially good in retelling the encounter of Maryknoll with the emergent revolutionary consciousness that struck Latin and Central America in the post-Medellin period. In the contemporary period, the numbers of Maryknoll Sisters have dwindled but the increasing participation of lay missioners and an intense discussion over the meaning of mission assures us that the spirit of the gospel is still alive.

Only those who know this group of women at close hand will be interested in every name and mission recounted in this story. Everyone, however, will be moved by the vignettes of those who died martyrs' deaths either because their health and well-being was destroyed in Japanese internment camps or, in more recent memory, because they were murdered in El Salvador.

But there is a larger reason why this book (and books like it) need to be written and read. We are at the end of an era with respect to a certain kind of religious life, es-

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pecially women's religious life. Before that era does end, it is incumbent on the church community to see that the stories of these women (and those of many other congregations) are recorded, told, remembered, and celebrated. In my estimation, one cannot overestimate the central role religious women played in the success of American Catholicism in this century. To neglect the stories of these pioneers in the faith is not only a betrayal of history but an act of injustice.

As I read this book I could not help but remember the years when *The Field Afar* (now *Maryknoll* magazine; my mother still subscribes) came into our home. We donated to "save pagan babies" and to "spread the gospel" but, more fundamentally, the missioners gave me, as a teenager, the sense that I did belong to a *universal* church. For that, I will always be grateful.

Stanford's book on Cardinal Hume has two purposes, as the title indicates. First, he wants to describe the episcopal life of Basil Hume and, second, he wishes to do that against the larger historical background of the history of the Catholic church in England after the restoration of the Catholic hierarchy in the first half of the nineteenth century. In the twentieth century, at least, the English Catholic church bears a striking resemblance to our own. It was a time of "brick and mortar" Catholicism in which energetic bishops built schools and churches to accommodate largely working-class immigrant congregations. It was a church vigorous in its papalism, moralizing in its theology, and strictly hierarchical in its administration.

Cardinal Hume and the Changing Face of English Catholicism, *by Peter Stanford, Geoffrey Chapman, $22.95, 214 pp.*

When Basil Hume was appointed archbishop of Westminster by Pope Paul VI in 1976 he was plucked from Ampleforth Abbey where he served as abbot to preside over a vast urban diocese far from the rustic quiet of his previous monastic home. Judging from Stanford's account, Hume has been extremely successful in guiding the church during the heady days of the 1980s and 1990s. His own upper-middle class background has allowed him to gain the confidence of political and social leaders and his admirable desire not to be an ecclesiastical showboat has permitted him to be an effective bridge builder and consensus maker.

Judging from afar, I would say that he has many characteristics which make him an ideal hierarch. Profoundly shaped by a monastic life of prayer, he is a natural contemplative. Unflinching public fidelity to Rome has not led him to craven acts of obedience to prove his party credentials. His support for *Humanae vitae* is clear and his opposition to abortion unequivocal, but he has made neither issue a test case of orthodoxy in any narrow way. His approach to the abortion issue is similar to that of those who propose the picture of the "consistent ethic of life"; it should not surprise us that this approach does not merit unmitigated praise from the Right. Nonetheless, there is something admirable about a man who prides himself on not harping on sexual matters since he feels, rightly, that he has little constructive to say about the issues involved beyond what the church says.

Hume's compassion for the needy is clearly demonstrated by his work obtaining housing for the poor and the complex set of services he provides from his own cathedral parish. His most public acts have involved his desire to move Europeans to aid the suffering peoples of the world, especially those in Ethiopia. His ecumenical credentials are clear and his quiet willingness to work for sane social policy is effective enough that he gets a sympathetic public ear for what he has to say. He gained much publicity for his efforts to free unjustly convicted Irish prisoners who had been imprisoned for terrorist activities.

Is Hume *papabile*? Stanford does not take up the question even though he is obviously a very sympathetic biographer. My own judgment, based on this book and what little I know of the cardinal from reading the *Tablet* etc., is that we could do worse. □

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 2)

labor in the United States is out of touch with the requirements of the new global economy; labor, they say, needs to stop singing "solidarity forever" and start organizing across borders.

But organized labor has long been aware of the need for international organizing in a global economy driven to a great extent by the search for cheap, exploitable, and unorganized workers. In great measure, it was precisely because of this awareness that labor and others ferociously opposed the North American Free Trade Agreement.

Referring to the side agreement on labor in NAFTA, Blum and Tanski suggest that President Bill Clinton's inclusion of it in the treaty was a gracious boon. But the side agreement specifically exempts from the treaty's enforcement process the rights to assemble, organize, bargain collectively, and strike—the heart and soul of any effort to create and maintain a union. No wonder Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan (D-N.Y.) called the side agreement "embarrassing."

Blum and Tanski also encourage American labor to collaborate more with Mexican unions. No doubt this is the way forward. But the authors fail to make clear the array of forces pitted against any such collaboration. A study on NAFTA by the U.S. Office of Technology Assessment noted that only 5 percent of organized Mexican workers were in independent unions. Senator Moynihan pointed out that PRI-affiliated unions are "instruments of the party" and have "fallen under a form of state control that has no equivalent in the Western Hemisphere." In other words, efforts to organize independent and therefore effective international unions confront an array of remarkably powerful interests, backed by the police power of what has been to date a one-party state.

Of course labor should begin to organize internationally. But the real romantics in this struggle are not labor organizers working against enormous odds and often at great personal risk. The real romantics are writers like Blum and Tanski who ig-

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nore harsh political and economic realities and thus the real cost of this effort.

DAVID E. DeCOSSE

The authors reply:

We appreciate Mr. DeCosse's comments, although we wonder at times where he saw what he said he saw in our article. First, we never said or implied that "President Bill Clinton's inclusion of [the NAFTA side-agreement on labor] was a gracious boon." It was indeed "embarrassing." Second, we never denied the difficulties in the way of unions organizing across borders, but that does not mean the world's labor movements have done enough of it.

More important, the thesis of our article was that unions have to begin to pay less attention to borders (as businesses have) and together bargain with multinational firms. We realize the obstacles that stand in the way of labor organizations practicing transnational bargaining (which can result, for example, in smaller wage increases for American workers than for Mexican workers). But what alternative is there for unions as markets cease being local or national and become increasingly international?

We do thank Mr. DeCosse, however, for the inadvertent words of praise ending his letter, when he called us "romantics." He thus graciously has us, in our little way, join other "romantics"—among them Eugene V. Debs, the Reuther brothers, and, to judge by his strongly expressed feelings, Mr. DeCosse himself—who have fought "the array of remarkably powerful interests, backed by the police power...."

ALBERT A. BLUM and JANET M. TANSKI

Let's go to the DNA

Kalamazoo, Mich.

To the Editors: Granting Robert Hoyt's disclaimer (in "Safe, Legal, Rare," July 15) of any desire to argue with John Tomasin's letter of the same date, it is still astonishing that he fails to note, at least in passing, Tomasin's resting of his position on abortion on a glaring and even ludicrous misstatement of fact: "It is quite clear that in the early stages of pregnancy a group of *that woman's own developing cells* [emphasis added], without a sex, a brain, or a soul, cannot possibly be 'another body.'"

Mr. Tomasin, in common with all who think as he does, needs to consult a standard textbook in human embryology. Any will do; this is a matter of established fact, not of opinion or interpretation.

To put it succinctly, *all* of the cells in the developing human result from division of the fertilized ovum; their DNA differs from that in the cells of *either* parent. Without sex? It's in the chromosomes, which are in the fertilized egg. Without a brain? It's in the DNA, and will be along in due time. Without a soul? The textbooks are silent, and so should Mr. Tomasin be, unless his chutzpah is awesome.

In short, a unique, living, sexed individual human being exists from Day One, and to deny that is to indulge in the sort of tortuous sophistry or willful denial employed in a former day to deny "full" humanity to the slaves.

WILLIAM H. BURKE

Author's query

Bridgehampton, N.Y.

To the Editors: For a biography of the Rev. Bede Griffiths, I would appreciate any information regarding his life, including correspondence. Reply to Box 349, Bridgehampton, N.Y. 11932; telephone (516) 537-0683; fax (516) 537-5343.

RICHARD CUMMINGS

Unequal dialogue

Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: The article on women's ordination by Avery Dulles, S.J. [July 15], is vintage material from this superb synthesizer. But his closing observation that Pope John Paul II's apostolic letter is an occasion to begin building "new relationships between men and women in the church" must be juxtaposed to Father Edward J. Ruetz's letter in the same issue. Reutz makes the point that until women are part of the decision-making structure of the church there can be no equality in the church. If this is so, and I believe it is, then how is it possible to enter into "new relationships" when women are not considered equals in dialogue with the hierarchical church?

BROTHER THOMAS MORE PAGE, C.F.X

What did Marx write?

Cincinnati, Ohio

To the Editors: In Correspondence [June 17], a letter writer claims that a famous comment by Karl Marx is often quoted in incomplete form; it should read, the writer said, "Religion is the opium of the people...*if the prophetic voice is suppressed.*"

The quotation may be found in Marx's *Critique of Hegel's "Philosophy of the Right*," without the added phrase. It's possible that Marx expanded the comment elsewhere in his writings, but in the work on Hegel I could not find anything resembling what your correspondent quotes; on the contrary, reading a few pages preceding and following the "opium" quote, I was rather dismayed by Marx's unrelieved hostility to and dismissiveness toward religion.

BROTHER DONALD FAHRIG, S.M.

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Lighten up, Mr. Dostoevsky

WILFRID SHEED

The great critic Sainte-Beuve held, I believe, a low opinion of Flaubert, Balzac, and Stendhal, his three most gifted contemporaries. A ridiculous mistake for anyone to make about three such famous men: and yet I sometimes wonder whether masterpieces really are so easy to spot—supposing they simply arrived on the desk with inaccurate blurbs and unfortunate jackets, like all the other novels.

The following weekly roundup, written in the style of one of our more spinsterish reviewers, illustrates perhaps the worst that could happen.

The Brothers Karamazov by Fyodor Dostoevsky proves that the "unedited generation" is not confined to this country. This sprawling, shapeless affair runs to some nine hundred and forty pages, of which perhaps two hundred are actually connected with the plot: the rest vapor off into amateur philosophy, mysticism, and anything else that happens to come into the author's head. (It looks, from his religious preoccupations, as though Mr. Dostoevsky rather wants to be another Graham Greene—but he hasn't bothered to learn any of Greene's craftsmanship. So sloppy is he that he begins the story in the first person and then abandons the device without explanation.)

Mr. Dostoevsky also over-writes atrociously. His characters are constantly breaking into sweats, turning green, and embracing each other quite regardless of sex. This may be meant as a commentary on post-Crimean War youth; or it may simply come from a callow desire to shock. In any case, American readers will find it incredible and not a little unpleasant.

Whether these rather tawdry, hysterical characters are worth writing a nine-hundred-page book about, is the kind of question publishers should be asking themselves seriously these days. More and more of these plotless monsters have been appearing lately, many of them from the direction of Russia, while supposedly responsible editors are content to look the other way. This one has a plot of sorts, but it seems to have been tucked in at the last minute; what there is of it is melodramatic, improbable, and drowned in verbiage. The author does seem to have a certain crude power which might be put to some use by a really good editor, like Max Perkins; but we are shocked to hear that he is already sixty-seven years old.

Going from bad to worse, we come to a native American author every bit as undisciplined as Mr. Dostoevsky and a good deal more pretentious. *Moby Dick* by one Herman Melville seems to have just about every fault a novel can contain. It is written in dense, pseudobiblical English (the author seems to be bucking for the title of the "new James Gould Cozzens"); nothing happens for hundreds of pages; the characters are quite unreal, especially the one called Captain Ahab, who is a stage-villain of the rankest kind; and finally the use of symbols is embarrassingly broad and overdone.

I can't pretend to know how the story finally comes out, it gets bogged down halfway in impenetrable whale-lore, at which point this reader simply tip-toed away. One begins to fear that these young authors honestly believe that everything that interests them will also interest us; that they hardly know the word discipline; that, in short, they are bores.

The Red and the Black by Stendhal is at least decently written. But it contains most of the flaws of a typical first novel. We are getting a little tired by now of these sensitive young men who take themselves with such deadly seriousness. Will Julien Sorel seduce the girl—well honestly, who cares, we want to shout after a few hundred pages.

Alas, there are no real heroes in our literature anymore. Mr. Melville's hero is a whale, Mr. Stendhal's is a rather foppish, humorless young man obviously written with the Hollywood actor Tony Perkins in mind, who thinks that the world circles around his own petty problems, and who displays none of the broad humanity of, say, Tom Jones, who at least had the courage to laugh at sex....

The young writers of today are obviously not willing to take the trouble that yields up masterpieces. They give us half-finished books, rough blueprints of books, which too often achieve a flashing, short-lived success. Mr. Charles Dickens, whose first book *Pickwick Papers* threatened (though grossly padded) to rank him with Evelyn Waugh, has decided instead to compete with James T. Farrell. His *Oliver Twist* is the kind of slice-of-life realism that makes us expostulate: photography is *not* art. Also, it is just as inartistic to make all your characters unpleasant. Life isn't like that, Mr. Dickens.

Oliver Twist is a seering commentary on post-Catholic Emancipation youth, with rather unpleasant anti-Semitic overtones and a set of sentimental alternatives. The book is at times little more than a spluttering tract. Yes, Mr. Dickens, we know that orphans are sometimes treated badly and that a bad environment can lead to a life of crime; but we are a little tired of having our noses rubbed in the obvious; and we are more than a little tired of watching authors, who feel that their own childhoods were unhappy, parading their self-pity in thinly disguised fictional form. Get back to comedy, Mr. Dickens, and stop trying to write "great English novels." All in all, it has been a discouraging week. □

This is excerpted from a column by Wilfrid Sheed first published in the April 26, 1963, Commonweal.

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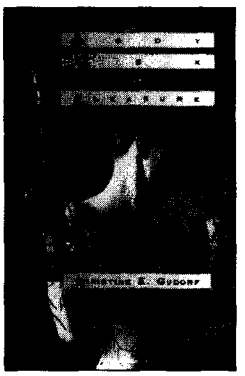

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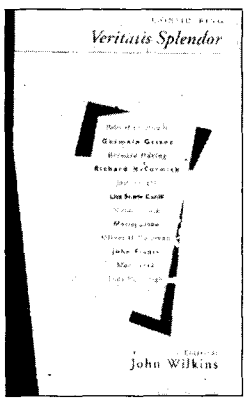

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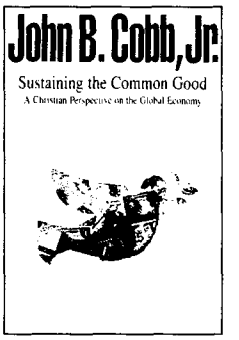

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